

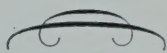


Christmas

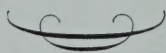
Advocate

1938

The Advocate



CHRISTMAS
1938



PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENT BODY
THE NEEDHAM SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL
NEEDHAM, MASSACHUSETTS

In Memoriam



In memory of Miss Matheson, one of the best-loved teachers of
Needham High School, we dedicate this issue of our Advocate.

ARCHIVES

In Appreciation

Louise Thayer, '39

Louise Carre, '39

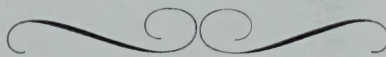
Avis Bailey, '39

There is such a thing as character reading by means of the face, for a person's disposition is reflected there. If a person is sweet and lovely, her whole face plainly shows it. If she is a very happy person, her smile lines are deep and her eyes sparkle.

Even though we do not all make a study of face reading, we could tell just by looking at Miss Matheson that she was a lovely person. Her face portrayed her as kindly, cheerful, patient, and courageous. Then, as we grew to know her better, we discovered how pleasant it was to be near her, and how her smile or glance of approval gave us confidence to continue our work.

Throughout her years of teaching, she gave willingly every bit of her time and effort to anyone who might need her help. Those who were in her classes cannot and will not ever forget the love and knowledge put into her teaching. Those who were not fortunate enough to be in her classes gained something from seeing her pass and receiving one of her ready smiles.

We shall always remember her excellent advice and sympathetic understanding, and although she has gone from us, she will ever remain in our memories.





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The Advocate

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NEEDHAM, MASS., DECEMBER, 1938

Price 50c

A Magazine Published Twice a Year by the Students of

THE NEEDHAM SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL

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COVER DESIGN BY CORINNE LOCKE

Editorials

American Propaganda

Joan Fallon, '39

American propaganda isn't propaganda in the general sense of the word. It is different because it speaks for itself. It is visible even from our school. Looking out of the front of the school building, as far as the eye can reach, we can see American propaganda. It is evident in the valley before us, where the farmer works his land untroubled by the fear of confiscation "for the State." It is present in the surrounding hills, for we know that beneath them there is no great network of defense, no soldiers training for an impending war. The church spire reminds us that we have the privilege of worshipping as we please. The library is mute evidence of our free press, because in it we can find the truth and the sane, dispassionate opinions of well-educated, unprejudiced people. On the highway are automobiles driven by people who work in private industries and people whose occupations are free from governmental jurisdiction. All these things are visible from our school, whose sole purpose is the intellectual and moral education of youth. The books employed for this education are not those written by political leaders. Our American propaganda is not found in books and pamphlets. It is found in American life. Americans have no need of constant display and publication of the wonders of their country. They know what they are. They feel and see them every day.

As it is the custom on Christmas to recall and give thanks for the blessings enjoyed by the family and by individuals in the past year, we shall do so this year. But this Christmas, especially, we should go farther from home. We should think of our country, and in doing

so, we should give thanks for the existence and meaning of American propaganda.

Our School Band

Janet Thomas, '39

More thrills have been added to our school sports. In addition to the excitement of the game, we now have a splendid school band, which, uniformed in white, made its first appearance on October 8 at the Dedham game. For several years Mr. Pollard has been attempting to arouse interest in a band among the pupils who play musical instruments. Many of the pupils themselves have expressed the hope that we would soon have a band. This year Mr. Pollard and pupils have at last seen this dream come true.

Ably assisted by Mr. Fisher, a fine, energetic young member of the faculty, Mr. Pollard has accomplished what at one time seemed to be the impossible. The band is now a fact and adds a great deal to the spirit of every occasion on which it appears.

Much time has been spent organizing this band—time given freely, not only by its members but also by Mr. Fisher—but everyone agrees that it has been time well-spent. Each year, no doubt, the band will be improved, especially if the policy of borrowing some of the players from the Junior High School is continued.

The band looks well on the field in its all-white uniforms. However, many people have expressed the opinion that some color added to the white uniform would improve the band's appearance. That may be true, but, nevertheless to our proud eyes the Needham High School band is the best we've ever seen!

Commercializing Christmas

Ralph Fader, Jr., '40

The spirit of giving gifts at Christmas began many years ago when the Three Wise Men brought gifts of gold, frankincense, and myrrh to the Christ child in Bethlehem.

Gifts are given during the Christmas season all over the world as they were in those days, but the sentiment behind the gifts has changed greatly.

The retail merchants have taken unfair advantage of the people, who purchase many gifts during this festive season. The merchants spend large amounts of money to redecorate their stores both inside and out. Also a great expense is added for advertising, for our popular magazines and newspapers call our attention to purchasing everything from a Christmas card to an automobile. They even go so far as to encourage payments, on the larger gifts, to be made on the installment plan. Often people at this time of the year purchase gifts without much thought about cost; and, therefore, the merchants must realize enormous profits as the prices of all gifts are greatly increased at this season.

There is also evidence of this profiteering in the fact that as soon as Christmas has passed similar articles are sold at greatly reduced prices. Some merchandise, especially toys, depreciates in price as much as fifty per cent.

Therefore, many people, betrayed by the commercializing of Christmas, have lost the real spirit of giving, which originated in Bethlehem by the three shepherds, who followed the Star on the Holy Night. Each year we seem to be drifting farther away from the true significance of Christ's birthday.

The Dawn

Ruthe Rodgers, '39

Every morning
She comes to call
Upon my windowpane.
And knocks with a sunbeam

Assembly Programs

Daniel D. Gage, '40

Perhaps it was noticed that fewer student programs featuring school talent were presented in the home room assemblies last year. A large number of programs offered speakers, motion pictures, and other attractions from outside school. This type of program is interesting and entertaining enough, but it defeats the purpose for which the home room assemblies have been established — to give students the chance to get experience in performing before an audience.

The ideal home room assembly would present a program planned, developed, and produced by students themselves. A play is not the only type of program possible — a little thinking would easily suggest other variations. Presenting such a program, however, requires a good deal of work and much co-operation by all connected with its production. Because of this, it is much easier to secure a speaker or other type of program from outside sources. Such lack of effort and co-operation prevented at least two student programs from being presented last year.

We had, in spite of this, a number of excellent home room assemblies given by the students themselves. Why not have more of the same kind? They require work and co-operation, but they pay large dividends in experience and in entertainment and enjoyment. How about it?

The Lady

Ruthe Rodgers, '39

Mrs. Earth
Proudly flaunting
Her winter coat
Of ermine
Nods
Across space
To planet neighbors.

LITERARY



The Eleventh Christmas Tree

Vivian Downes, '39

"I always thought your uncle was eccentric," said Mrs. Rollins, addressing her husband, "and now my belief is confirmed."

"Well, he was good to us," mildly answered Mr. Rollins, "and I dare say he knew what he was doing when he made out his will."

"Maybe he knew what he was doing, but I doubt it," sharply retorted Mrs. Rollins. "I have never heard of anything so outlandish in my life. Imagine having to decorate ten Christmas trees. You know very well that it has been years since we have had a real Christmas tree even here. They dirty everything and make so much extra work."

"Well, dear, if we want the ten thousand dollars we shall have to buy, set up, and decorate ten Christmas trees in ten poor homes every year, or else the money will go to charity. I believe that was how the will read."

"You know very well that was how it read. I'll tell you right now though, that I will not go around decorating Christmas trees. I'll leave that to you and the children." With these parting words Mrs. Rollins flounced out of the room, leaving her husband thoughtfully gazing into the dying embers of the fireplace.

The next morning over breakfast, Ann and her brother Paul with true teen age eagerness bombarded their parents with questions concerning the will.

"Are we really going to decorate ten Christmas trees?" questioned Ann.

"Do we have to do it every year?" asked Paul.

"Are you going to help us, Mother?" continued Ann.

"Gee, think of all the fun we can have," chimed in Paul.

"Oh, children, please stop all this jabbering," exclaimed their mother, blocking her ears with her hands. "Your father will explain everything to you if you'll only give him a chance."

Upon this Mr. Rollins slowly lowered his newspaper and began resignedly to explain his plans concerning the legacy. "First of all," he began, "I'm afraid that we can not count upon your mother's helping us decorate. However, that needs no explanation as you both realize how your mother objects to Christmas trees. I believe, though, that the three of us will be able to carry out the project satisfactorily. Today I am going to look up ten needy families. The week before Christmas I will order the trees, and we will try to get them up before Christmas Eve. While I am doing that, you can take charge of buying the necessary decorations for the trees."

After their father had ended, Ann and Paul began to talk and plan excitedly for this big

event. Their mother interrupted them to point out the time and to tell them to hurry to school. Snatching up their books they hurried out, still talking rapidly about Christmas balls and silver tinsel.

"The children certainly seem excited about that ludicrous plan," resumed Mrs. Rollins. I find it surprising that they are so thrilled about decorating the trees. They never seemed to mind not having one of their own. I suppose it appeals to them, because it is something new."

"I don't know," returned Mr. Rollins. "I've always thought that we should have a tree. It gives the Christmas atmosphere better than anything else."

"That's all very well," said Mrs. Rollins peevishly, "but you forget all the dirt and fuss it makes. I don't think the children have ever really minded not having a tree. Let's not discuss it any more. I have important things to think of."

Mr. Rollins quietly slipped from the table and went off to work, his mind filled with many plans.

In the evening the family were once more together with Ann and Paul still planning feverishly. Mr. Rollins told his children that he had secured the names of ten needy families, and that three days before Christmas they would begin to set the trees up. After an hour or more of planning, Ann and Paul went off to do their homework, and Mr. Rollins quietly retired behind the evening newspaper.

At last, the time had arrived to carry out their project. Paul helped his father tie the trees onto the automobile, and Mrs. Rollins had condescended to help Ann put the decorations inside the car. Finally they were through, and Ann and Paul gayly hopped into the car beside their father, and were off on their first expedition.

Every night after their return Mrs. Rollins would hear of how Mrs. Marganti had cried with joy upon their arrival. She heard how the little Kovaleski children sat around the tree in a ring and wouldn't let it out of their sight.

She was told how the decorated tree had brightened the shabby, dingy parlor of the Kelly home. As Mrs. Rollins heard these tales of how homes had been cheered and made more happy by these Christmas trees, she began to wonder if she hadn't been too selfish in not allowing her children to have a tree of their own.

The Neilson household was the last place visited by Ann, Paul and their father. At last with the thanks and good wishes of the Neilson family still ringing in their ears, they were on their way home.

As they rushed into the house they suddenly stopped short. There, standing in the middle of the spacious living room, was a huge Christmas tree, laden with many-hued balls, yards of silver tinsel, candy, pop-corn strings, and odd little figures. Mrs. Rollins and Bridgett, the cook, had just finished decorating it.

Ann was the first to recover. With a little cry of joy she ran over to a mother and began to hug her.

"Oh, darling, stop it," breathlessly exclaimed Mrs. Rollins. "You're taking my breath away."

Then Paul began to question his mother excitedly, and his father started laughing and exclaiming about the tree.

Gradually the hubbub ceased, and the family gathered around the tree. From the distance came the faint sound of carol singers, and in the silence of the room each knew in his heart that this was going to be the best Christmas ever.

A Mischievous Caller

Bernice Hogan, '40

The wind threw open the door of the deserted house,

And scampered gleefully in and out of the bare rooms.

It disturbed the window shades which protested loudly;

Then it crept softly to the upper floor to see what other mischief it could find.

Grandpa's Tale

Dorothy Leeper, '39

"Grandpa, please tell us just one story before we go to bed," pleaded Lucy, a plump little tot of seven, as she snuggled closer to her grandfather.

"Yeah, Grandpa, just one story," begged Jimmy, Lucy's older brother, who had left his favorite toy boat at the mention of a story.

Grandpa, whose stories were treats to the children, hitched his big, comfortable chair closer to the bright, darting fire. There was need of the fire, even in this snug room, because the fall night was unusually cold. There was a suggestion of a storm in the air as the wind, making venerable trees bow to it, ruffled their flaming tops.

As there was room for Jimmy in Grandpa's chair, the little boy crawled into the space left for him. The fire spread its warm glow alike over the two young, eager faces and the contented face of the old man. With Jimmy's and Lucy's brown, shiny locks near his own white thatch, Grandpa started his story.

Tonight reminds me of a story which took place many long years ago. T'was in the year 18—, in the fall, 'bout this time that it happened.

The three families then living on Horn's Island, a small island off the coast of New England, were in fear for their very lives. A hurricane had struck them, a most unusual happening for that part of the country. The water was rushing and foaming over the lower sections of the island, while on the higher ground the trees were falling, one by one.

On the highest part of the island was the cottage owned by the Bests. Mr. Best had gone to the main land before the storm and was unable to return. Up to the present time the water had only covered the low beaches and had not reached the higher ground on which the cottage was situated.

In the darkened house, Ma Best was going the rounds, shutting and locking all things



which might bang in the steadily rising gale, which shook the house.

"Ma, the Carpenters are here. They say their house has been swept away," shouted Tom Best above the deafening roar of the wind.

Ma felt her way through the gloom of the house, mentally bewailing the fact that the wind was tearing off her window blinds, as a street urchin steals apples when the grocer is not looking.

At last she reached the kitchen where the wet and bedraggled Carpenter family was huddled. Tom, her son, was standing guard over the sole light in the house, a smoking lamp which threw off a murky, dull light. The wind tried its best to snuff out this spark of light by rushing in the cracks in the walls and floor.

"Here are a couple of dry blankets to put over you. I'd make you a cup of coffee, but I can't get the fire goin', with the wind and rain the way they is," shouted Ma over the increasing noise of the storm. "Where's your husband?"

"He's down below trying to save our boat," sniffed Mrs. Carpenter. "I declare, I don't know what we'll do. It's bad enough losin' our house, but the water's risin' so we may lose our lives, too."

"Come now. That's no way to talk before the children. The wind's rising a mite and the water is rougher than usual," cheered Ma Best. To herself she confessed that things weren't good at all. The lives of the small number of people on the island were in great danger, not only from the sea, which was rising so fast there was a great chance of drowning, but from the huge trees which were falling.

Ma had not stopped a minute while thinking, but, instead, was busy patching the window where a tree had knocked out a pane.

The door burst open, admitting Mr. Carpenter and young Mr. and Mrs. Gleason, the only other people on the island.

Ma, disturbed because their arrival indicated that the water was higher, did not let her thoughts show.

"Come in, everybody," she invited. "Best shut the door, Tom, for it's a mite windy out. Just sit where ever you can, and we'll wait for the storm to blow itself out.

Tom struggled to shut out the gale which was growing more violent. "Ma," he howled when he had returned to his vigil at the lamp, "the oil is almost gone."

Absolute darkness soon flowed over the crowded room. In the silence which followed the elements could be heard at the height of their power.

The water, which had washed the latest arrivals fleeting footsteps, now seemed treacherously near. In one or two places trickles of cold water pushed their way, uninvited, into the room. One of these cold streams touched Mr. Carpenter, making the already terror-stricken man temporarily insane.

"Come on, Em," he bellowed at his wife, "we'll be safer in our boat than in this rat trap."

"Don't go," pleaded Ma. "You'll be sure to drown in a small boat tonight. Wait until the house goes, anyway."

But Mr. Carpenter was in no frame of mind to listen to anyone. He called his family once more, and then, forgetting all else but his

own personal safety, he pulled open the door and blundered toward his boat. His unfortunate family followed as best they could.

Mr. and Mrs. Gleason blindly followed the example of the Carpenters, and, bent double against the wind, they struggled toward the direction of their own boat.

For Ma and Tom there was no such great decision to make. They had no boat to which to go. So the two left behind sat down in the house, empty except for the roar of the breakers, and waited for the end which seemed fated for them.

As the time passed, the water on the floor rose, first a little, then more. The table and chairs sloshed too and fro. But, toward what should have been dawn, the storm seemed to slacken.

In another hour the storm had definitely lost its fury. Ma and Tom ventured from their cramped positions, on the stove and table, and started toward what had been the door.

No sign of the Carpenters or the Gleasons was left in the wreck. The only sign of life was one tree whose roots stretched vainly for soil.

As soon as the waves quieted enough to permit a small boat to cross, Mr. Best came, hoping to find Ma and Tom. Thus the Bests were reunited, but no one ever heard of the Carpenters or Gleasons again.

"Gee, Grandpa," breathed Jimmy, "how did you ever come to know that story?"

"I was Tom," answered Grandpa Best, as he carried sleeping Lucy off to bed.

Sailing

Priscilla Luty, '40

I love to be on a sailboat
 When the wind is running free,
 And to feel the pull from the rudder
 As it fights with the angry sea.
 When we race on the waves so lightly,
 And I feel the wild wet spray,
 And the sails are pulled in tightly;
 It's a perfect sailing day!

His Last Touchdown

Robert Schmalz, '39

"This is your last game this year," barked Coach Slade, as he pepped up his team before the game. He paused as usual and bit his lip. Slade was an elderly man of small stature. His shiny, bald head was covered with an old felt hat that could be seen pulled down over his ears at times, or sitting in a proud and cocky manner on top of the bald spot. His clothes were out of press, his shoes skinned, and his collar open at the neck. His broken nose gave his face the appearance of a thug. His eyes were deep set and hidden by black shaggy eyebrows. From between his teeth, which were stained with tobacco juice, he said, "For most of you this is your last game at Salesbrook. You have probably read in the papers that Middletown is the favorite. We are going to miss Weston at half, today, but you know he's still with you. Even though he broke his leg three weeks ago he's been working on the new plays and formations which you are using against Middletown. He won the game last year for us on a 60-yard run, and the year before he scored once. Nothing could please him more than to listen to the radio and hear a Salesbrook victory. Now for his sake go out there and play football."

The team filed slowly out of the dressing room and on to the field. As they passed by, Coach Slade spoke two words to each of them: "For Weston."

"Come here a minute, Brooks," said Coach Slade; after the others had passed by. "You are quarterback today. I've got, or rather Weston's got, a new play that may work. It will only work once so save it till you need it. O. K., now get out there and show me how to play football."

"Don't be so down-hearted. Loosen up. You are doing all right," said Slade as the team was in the dressing-room at the half. "It's just that they got the jump on you and got

those twelve points. Harry, when you are in at end this half, you take the safety and, Joe, you take the tackle. Now, just lie back and rest. You are going to need your strength."

"Salesbrook has come out fighting in this third period," rattled the announcer. "They can't go any where offensively, but neither can Middletown. This may still be a ball game. Wait a minute. There was a fumble on that last play. Yes, Sweeny of Middletown fumbled and big Bill Lee of Salesbrook recovered. It's first and ten on Middletown's 40, a long way to go but this is the first time Salesbrook has been in Middletown's territory."

"Just a minute—let's see what's going on down there. Why! someone's going out on the field on crutches. Why! it's Weston, the boy that broke his leg in the York game. He's out there now, shaking hands with all his teammates. It looks to me as though this Salesbrook team is going to have plenty of fight."

"What a march, folks! This light but scrappy team of Salesbrook has just literally pushed the heavy Middletown team back over its own goal line for a touchdown. Those boys out there are playing super-human football. I don't know what Weston said to them, but they sure have come back. There is the kick for the point after, and it's good. Middletown leads the fighting Salesbrook team by five points, 12 to 7. Salesbrook will kick off."

"Well, folks, the game is drawing to a close and Middletown is still ahead 12 to 7. The Salesbrook team has played inspired football, but the boys from Middletown are too heavy for them. There are just two minutes to go. Salesbrook has the ball on their own 30 yard line, first and ten. Smith bucks the short side of the line and breaks through. He's up to the 35, the 40, and hit hard on the 42. It's first and ten on the 42. Smith again bucks the line, but is stopped for no gain. Second and ten.

There's a reverse to the right and Howe goes off tackle for 7 yards. Its third and three on the 49 yard line. There they go up to the line. They are in double wing. The ball goes back to Smith. It's a reverse. No, wait, Brooks is passing down to Oliver. He takes it on the 10 yard line. He's tackled there. But, wait. What a play! Salesbrook scores," shouted the announcer over the roar of the crowd. "What a play! That's the trickiest play I've ever seen. What a play! Here is just what happened.

"They came out in double wing, the ball went to Smith in short formation. He handed it to Howe on a reverse. Howe gave it to Fitzgerald, who was coming around the right like a double reverse. Fitzgerald lateraled to

Brooks who had faded back, and then Brooks passed 50 yards to Oliver, a beautiful pass down to the ten yard line. There, when Oliver was tackled by the safety man, he lateraled to Smith, who had started the play. What a play! The game is over. The crowd has rushed out on the field. They are carrying Weston on their shoulders. Jim, my assistant, tells me that it was Weston who made up that play in the hospital. Someone has put a football into Weston's hands. He is being carried over the goal line. In the two years that Weston played against Middleton, this is the only game in which he did not score, but there he is now scoring again after the game is over on the shoulders of the crowd."

On Fountain Pens

Clifton Kinne, '39

The biggest advance in the development of pens since 1820 when the steel pen was made, was the invention of the fountain pen about 1900. With this marvelous instrument one may write several thousand words, without stopping to dip into an inkwell after each sentence or two. (Of course, most of us hope we never have to write several thousand words at one sitting, but with teachers getting more and more capricious an honest hard-working student can't be sure of anything these days.)

The construction of the fountain pen has been improved upon from time to time by Mr. Waterman and other worthy manufacturers. The most recent development was eliminating the rubber tube, which used to hold the ink, and making the whole inside of the pen the container. That greatly enlarged the capacity, so that now one may write five to ten times as much with one filling. (The very thought of that stupendous amount of writing pains me to the marrow.)

The point of the pen varies directly in quality with the size of the buyer's purse. For eight dollars you can buy a pen that is guaranteed to last a lifetime, and for fifteen dollars one that may be used by your grandchildren long after your generation is gone.

However, I never take much interest in the lasting qualities of my pen, as I make a regular practice of losing one or two every year. Consequently, I buy a dollar pen and hope that it has a fairly good point. Last year I had a five dollar pen given me; so I tried to take special care of it, but without success. And when I think that a girl whom I know has been using a twenty cent pen for three years, I wonder what I've done to deserve this punishment.

This year I bought a pen for a dollar and a half. Three weeks later I handed it to a man to have him sign for a telegram, and mistaking it for a pencil he grabbed it and bore down on the route record, bending the point into the shape of a new moon.

Next, I got one of those fountain pens which really acts like a fountain. Every morning when I open it for the first time, entirely forgetful of its obnoxious habit, I immediately find my hands covered with ink.

In spite of my unusual hard luck with fountain pens I find them very useful in making records which I want to keep of cruises and other trips. Once in awhile they even come in handy at school in making notebooks and other such trifles.

The Lao Vases

Marcia Cleaves, '39

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Lin Loh, a Chinese Noblewoman.

The Amah, Lin Loh's Amah.

Nogi, a young Japanese, straining away from the customs and ideals of his race.

Yoshihito, his father, an old Japanese military officer.

Mutsuhito, Nogi's brother, also a Japanese officer.

Komyo, the girl whom Nogi is to marry.

General Tu Sheng, strictly an army man.

The Soldier, — one with a knowledge of the Curse.

The Trader, — only a wretched victim of the Curse.

SCENE I.

Time. The present in China.

Scene. (A young Chinese noblewoman's room. Lin Loh is seated on a chair. An amah rushes into the room and throws herself sobbing at Lin Loh's feet.)

Amah:—(sobbing) Oh, mistress, mistress!

Lin Loh:—Well, what is the matter?

Amah:—(still sobbing) Your son! Little Yen—

(Lin Loh rises and grasps the amah by the shoulders and shakes her.)

Lin Loh:—Speak! What has happened to him?

Amah:—Oh, mistress, as we were moving the Lao vases—

Lin Loh:—(in a stricken voice) The Lao vases!

Amah:—(still sobbing) Yes, mistress.

(Lin Loh stands stunned.)

Lin Loh : (wildly) What has happened? Tell me!

Amah:—I took them from the locked cabinet and I was packing them carefully to send them, as you instructed me, to the general's headquarters to save them from the advancing Japanese. Then I was called to the chamber of your honorable sister Niang. I left one vase



on a table and told Yueh, the kitchen girl, to put it away immediately with the other. But when I was gone (Her voice is broken by sobs), Hsu, my master's young lieutenant came and distracted her attention so she forgot to pack the vase away immediately as I told her. (She buries her face in her arms.)

Lin Loh:—Go on!

Amah:—And so little Yen came running in from play and accidentally bumped against the table on which I had placed the vase and (sobbing) it went crashing to the floor!

Lin Loh:—(aghast, utters soundlessly a few syllables, then shakes the amah and runs to the door) Yen! Where is he? Where is my son? We must get him before anything happens!

Amah:—(stretching her hand) My mistress come back! Little Yen—

Lin Loh:—(running back to her) What has happened?

Amah:—Oh mistress! The kitchen girl knew nothing of the curse on the vases and was only frightened because she thought they

were valuable. She told the soldier to get out before I came back. Little Yen begged to be taken out to see the soldier's horse so Hsu took him. He cautioned the little one to stay at a safe distance because it was a spirited animal, but at a moment when the soldier's attention was turned away little Yen ventured too near—and it is of no use now (sobs).

Lin Loh:—(in a hushed voice and staring into space) The curse! the curse of the Lao vases! (For a moment she is silent; then she utters a scream.) Imbecile! Why did you leave that vase out? Why? Oh Yen! My little son! (She crumples on the floor.)

SCENE II

(A room beautifully furnished in a Japanese home. Yoshihito, an old Japanese officer is writing at a desk as Mutsuhito, one of his six sons, enters.)

Mutsuhito:—Father, you are going to have a hard time persuading Nogi to go.

(Frowning, the old officer pushes back his chair, and goes to the window, his hands behind his back. He stands there for a moment, then walks across the room shaking his head.)

Yoshihito:—To think my son should refuse to do his duty.

Mutsuhito:—(eagerly) But he's not cowardly, father. I know Nogi. It is just all these notions that he calls ideals and also Komyo that are holding him back.

Yoshihito:—(contemptuously) Ideals and a woman! Is my son so weak that he cannot tear himself from a woman to perform what any other Japanese would give his dearest possession to be able to do?

Mutsuhito:—They are very much in love, father. Besides, all this is part of his new learning. He intends to abandon his life here and go to America.

(His father paces more rapidly.)

Yoshihito:—Yes, I know. Yet it is his life. But he *must* carry out his plan of the Intelligence. He must! If he succeeds it means everything to our army. I never realized what his years of education in China would mean eventually.

Mutsuhito:—Is it very dangerous, father?

Yoshihito:—(stopping his pacing and staring at his son) Dangerous! To go disguised as a trader back of the Chinese lines and be constantly among the soldiers, picking up every dropped word concerning the Chinese moves! To be continually under the noses of officers, giving them forged passes! Dangerous? It is folly! And only a shrewd, wise man can successfully carry out this. And my son, Nogi, a brilliant student with just such a mind is fit for this (bitterly). And my son objects because war is not to his liking.

(Mutsuhito shrugs and leaves. The old man walks again to the window. After a few moments have passed a fine-looking young Japanese enters. Yoshihito turns.)

Yoshihito:—(briskly) Nogi, you are to be ready in two hours.

Nogi:—(desperately) Father, is there no way to escape this?

Yoshihito:—(curtly) Are you a coward?

Nogi:—(throwing back his head) Father, I have tried to convince you that I am not cowardly, but it is all so futile. Why should I participate in war when I can't believe in it as you and all the rest do? For the glory of Japan! What we should all be fighting for is World Peace and not power and glory for our country.

Yoshihito:—(cutting him short) So this is what all your education has meant. You have allowed yourself to be influenced by your American teachers. I was bitterly disappointed when you refused to enlist your services with those of your brothers at the outbreak of the war, but, I was happy when, at my suggestion the Japanese Intelligence chose you to act as an intermediary behind the Chinese lines because you can speak the language fluently. At last, my son could be a pride to his family, but then I received a worse blow. You objected to act in this honored capacity that the Intelligence chose for you. Why? Because you are afraid of war, and because you are to be married to the sister of a man as foolish and insane

as you are in his ideas. How Yorinaga, the son of my old friend, Tadamichi, could become a convert to those insane teachings is beyond my reasoning. If only Tadamichi were alive and guiding his family with his wisdom instead of his wild, foolish son! (contemptuously) Tadamichi would never consent to his daughter's marrying one such as you!

Nogi:—(bowing his head and in a low voice) Father!

(Yoshihito's stern features relax and he quickly steps nearer his son and puts his hand on his shoulder.)

Yoshihito:—(gently) Nogi, you understand how deeply I love you. No father could have deeper affection for his son than I. But a father must have more than love for his son; he must have respect and pride. I want you to do this to make me proud of you. I want to die knowing that Nogi did, or tried to do something for the honor of his family (gently pushing him to the door). Now go and bid goodbye to your Komyo and tell her to await your return and her marriage to a Japanese hero; for if this succeeds China's hopes will crumble.

Nogi:—But, father, if I fail?

Yoshihito:—(sternly) In the Intelligence Department, one does not speak of failure.

(Nogi hesitates, then bows to his father and leaves.)

SCENE III.

(One half hour later in the garden of Komyo. She is sitting on the ground beside a little pool. The cherry blossoms are falling from the trees and she absently picks one up. Nogi appears behind her but is partly hidden by a bough of a tree. He watches her for a few moments, then advances. Hearing him, she leaps lightly to her feet and runs to him. He takes her hand and together they sit by the pool.)

Komyo:—(in a breathless voice) Tell me, Nogi, that it is good news. (As Nogi hesitates, she leans forward.) Nogi, you're not going!

Nogi:—(in a muffled voice) In an hour.

(Komyo stares at him for a moment, then bows her head. Quickly he leans towards her and clasps her hand.)

Nogi:—Komyo, believe, I must.

Komyo:—Why *must* you? You don't believe in it. You hate it. You are your own master and can do as you wish.

Nogi:—I must. It would break my father's heart. There are traditions that compel me.

Komyo:—I thought that that is exactly what you, Yorinaga, and your fellow students were trying to get away from—to become independent, as the Americans taught you, and follow your own ideals and thoughts.

Nogi:—That is true, Komyo. But this last time I must do as my father wishes. After this we will go to America to live.

Komyo:—(in a frightened voice) This last time, Nogi! Supposing you do not come back to me.

Nogi:—(taking her in his arms) Do not think of that, my Komyo. You must believe I will come back. I hate it. I hate all thoughts of war and fighting. I want to study and live an independent life, free from obligations to my family and its name, and I want to be with you. When I come back all these things will come true. So, help me, help me now, Komyo, to be a man and do as I ought.

Komyo:—(Quietly) Go—go Nogi. Do your duty, but—come back to me.

Nogi:—(softly) Nothing can keep me away.

(He lays his cheek against her hair, and then abruptly leaves, Komyo staring pathetically after him.)

SCENE IV.

(The office of a Chinese general in a partly destroyed building behind the Chinese lines. General Tu Sheng is seated at his desk. An officer is standing by a window in the rear. About the room are many boxes of various sizes.)

Officer:—When are these valuables going to be sent back to safety?

Tu Sheng:—When the truck comes for them (There is a knock at the door and an orderly steps in, salutes, and is followed by a soldier carrying a large box which he sets down on the floor near the desk. The orderly and the soldier leave and the officer wanders over to the box.)

Officer:—(sighing) How I wish some of these valuables were mine! (Looks at the tax on the box just brought in.) The Lao vases! I've heard of them. It seems to me that there is some story connected with them. I've heard they're very beautiful—centuries old (he looks longingly at the box.)

Tu Sheng:—(good-naturedly) Oh, open it, captain! I know you admire the things. (Eagerly the captain kneels, opens the box and draws out a single vase.)

Captain:—(gazing at it with wide eyes) Is it not beautiful? But only one? I thought there were several (He places it on the general's desk).

Tu Sheng:—(laughing) What is there to a vase to bring that silly look on your face, captain? But maybe I am just a hardened soldier.

(There is a knock at the door and the orderly again enters and salutes.)

Orderly:—General, there is another one of the traders who has a pass to get through the lines.

Tu Sheng:—Bring him in (The orderly steps aside and a ragged, wretched looking individual enters and from his pocket draws a slip of paper which he hands to the general. The general reads it, take up his brush, and writes something, then holds out the paper. The trader reaches for it and accidentally strikes the vase, which falls to the floor and breaks).

Captain:—(aghast) Fool! That was a Lao vase!

(The trader bows incessantly, muttering an incoherent flow of words. He looks appealingly at the general.)

General:—Oh, come now, Captain! Only a vase. Tell me (to the trader) where do you intend to go?

Trader:—To Ningpo, General.

General:—Ningpo! That's dangerously near the Japanese. They will probably be there soon. Why do you traders always go where the danger is worst?

Trader:—We have to live somehow, General.

(The general waves his hand in dismissal and the trader bows out.)

General:—(musingly) Poor wretches! It would almost be better to use them for the much needed fuel for our fire instead of having them follow the army, selling cheap trinkets to the soldiers and living on what meager leavings they can. If only they were all physically fit for service—what a company alone they could make! Look at that poor fellow. You know, Captain, he really is young but see what his life has done to him.

Captain:—(scowling) Clumsy fool!

General:—(laughing) Do not be so devoted to your vases, Captain. China is full of them.

(Again there is a knock on the door and this time another Chinese soldier enters and salutes.)

Soldier:—I have come to take the valuable possessions back to the rear, General.

General:—Take them, all these boxes. (Soldier starts forward and sees the broken pieces on the floor.)

Soldier:—What is this?

Captain:—(morosely) The Lao vase.

(The soldier steps back, startled.)

Soldier:—The Lao vase!

Captain:—Yes, it was beautiful, was it not?

Soldier:—Beautiful! It has a curse! Did you break it, Captain?

Captain:—No, not I, but a trader who was here before you. But what curse?

Soldier:—Whoever breaks one of these vases dies soon afterwards. Where is this trader? Tell me, so that I may catch him and try to save him!

General:—He is going to the east gate.
(Soldier runs out.)

Captain:—I knew that there was a tale connected with it. That is why there is only one left. The others have been broken and each time the person who broke one died. (The general and the captain sit in silence for a few moments then the soldier slowly re-enters.)

General:—Well? Where is the trader?

Soldier:—General, the old house which was

struck so many times in the last bombardment near the east gate collapsed suddenly as the trader was going by and he was crushed by the falling walls.

(There is a shocked silence.)

Captain:—in a low voice) The curse of the Lao vases!

General:—(shrugging) Oh, well, it was only a trader.

(CURTAIN)

Dead Right

Albert Cookson, '39

Talbert was a remarkable man, truly a remarkable man. He was almost superhuman. There were rumors to that effect, but only among those with a jealous nature. He was not especially brilliant in life. He was intelligent, but never to the point of genius. The remarkable part of him was his sixth sense. He had feelings, just abstract feelings. He felt that American Steel would go up. This in itself was not strange; many people thought the same way. The singular thing was that he was right. *He was always right.*

He became almost a fantasy to the stock exchange. He out-guessed them at every turn. Men swarmed around to secure "Talbert's tips." But seldom did they gain anything. He was a quiet sort of man, seldom speaking of himself or his feelings. He was partner in a small business. "Talbert, Jones and Thompson, Investments, Inc." His name was first on the small sign over their door. It could well have been, "Talbert Investments, Inc." for Talbert did all the investing and they made millions. The firm of "the man who was always right" was a great success. Messrs. Jones and Thompson let Talbert do all the work. They were no fools. Talbert was the brains of the outfit and everyone knew it; so Jones and Thompson took their share of the profits and stayed satisfied.

After the big cleanup in American Steel,

Jones had remarked to Thompson, "You know, John, sometimes I think that fellow is too smart."

"Huh, ridiculous, you can't be too smart. Nobody ever knew too much," Thompson sneered. "Remember, he's making us our living."

Jones dwelt on this thought for days. Could a fellow be too smart?

But Talbert was happy enough. He lived a simple bachelor's existence in spite of his millions. He gradually grew old in the same general routine, luncheon at the club, dinner at the Ritz, and a quiet evening at the fireside reading Dickens or chatting with his many friends. He had no fears. He was the spirit of contentment until one day late in November which started the ruin of a perfect career.

He couldn't exactly remember how it began. It didn't seem to come on him suddenly, but gradually worked itself through every fiber of his body. It could have been his imagination. He swore to himself it was just plain animal fear and tried to forget it, to drown it from him by concentrating his interests; yet it always came back, back in the same form, but always greater, greater, until it fairly racked his soul and drove him mad.

This feeling had come to him the same as every other one. There was nothing strange

except, for once, he hoped he was wrong. "The man who was always right" prayed to be wrong. He was too young to die. He couldn't die, but again and again he felt it. "You have but one week to live."

It haunted him. He retreated to his apartments and refused to see anyone. But it followed him there. He could not get away from it. He screamed to the rafters that he would not die. He could not die, he, who had everything to live for. The inanimate boards mocked him with their hollow echoes. Suddenly he took hold of himself. He must sit down and think this over constructively, sensibly. But the thing had no sense. Its potency dwelt in its senselessness.

It could not be done away with. It had become a part of him. He collected his thoughts and figured. He hit on a plan, at last he hit on a plan. If he were not dead in a week, he could forget the whole thing. He could shake it from him as a bad dream and go back to his regular existence. He would shut himself up for the week and see no one. Then he could not die. He would live, live. His wild laughter rang through the empty room.

The fifth day of the week had passed. He sat, worn and haggard in his huge easy chair. He had not slept, could not sleep with the wild fear haunting him. It was working on him now. He could feel it running through his veins like poison. Warm perspiration poured from his pale face. The muscles in his hand bulged as he gripped the arms of his chair like a madman. Perhaps he was mad. The thing had overpowered his mind and was gradually subduing him. He rose and paced the floor, but in vain. This was no outlet for his feelings; it only worked his nerves to a greater pitch. Turning as in a trance, he walked to the other end of the huge room and into his bedchamber. As he passed the dressing mirror, he started as from an electric shock.

"My God, could that be me?" he gasped. The ruin of this once healthy form broke him

completely and he sank sobbing on the massive bed.

He turned suddenly and opened his top bureau drawer. A sleek black pistol stared at him from inside. He withdrew it and held it at arm's length. He gazed thoughtfully down at the shining blue-steel barrel and then threw the deadly weapon back into the drawer, muttering softly to himself, "No, that's a coward's way out."

He nervously paced to a mahogany cabinet and poured himself a stiff drink. The strong intoxicant burned in his throat and made his head whirl, but to no avail. The feeling still haunted him and seemed increased by the stimulant.

Sitting in the chair he figured things out again, in a much calmer fashion. Finally he arrived at a decision. "Yes," he muttered. "This is the only solution."

The sun gleamed on the polished weapon as it was removed from the open drawer. He methodically placed the muzzle to his head and squeezed the trigger. A single shot rang through the empty room.

Mr. Talbert had been right again.

Dreams of a Schoolboy

William Mumford, '40

Buffalo Bill is riding today
Up on the clouds of yesterday,
Riding on Charlie, his grand old horse,
With the Union Army, that noble force,
Buffalo Bill is riding today.

Buffalo Bill is riding today
Across the sands of yesterday
With his old friend, Buffalo Jones,
Both riding on their beautiful roans.
Buffalo Bill is riding today.

Buffalo Bill is riding today,
In all our dreams of yesterday,
With his old dog at his heel,
Or riding the stage for a meal.
Buffalo Bill is riding today.

Feminine Protest

Louise Thayer, '39

It was Saturday morning cleaning-time at the Jordan house. The vacuum cleaner was raging, and the dusters were flying, all to the merry swing tunes of the loud-mouthed radio. Through all this clamor, broke the ring of the telephone. Only the radio kept on working.

"I'll get it, mother. Hello."

"Hello, is this you, Kathy?" said the ear-piece. "This is Larry. Say, do you know what I just found out? There's a dance down at Longshore to-night. Is it too late to ask you to go?"

"Oh no, Larry, I'd love to," said Kathy. "Do you know if any of our crowd is going?"

"No, I don't think so. The tickets were all sold out long ago. Dad had this one given to him by a friend who couldn't make it at the last minute."

"Oh well, that's all right; we'll have a good time. I've got to be in early though. Mom doesn't think I'm getting enough sleep."

"Who is it, dear?" asked Mrs. Jordan, coming downstairs with a dusting cap over her carefully set hair.

"Larry," whispered Kathy. "May I go to a dance at Longshore to-night? It's a charity affair, probably quite high-class."

"Yes, I guess so. Larry is able to take care of you wherever you go."

"O.K. then, Kathy, I'll be around for you about seven-thirty," Larry was saying. "Bye."

"Bye, Larry," said Kathy as she returned the telephone to the holder.

"Well, dear, you don't look very happy. What's wrong? Don't you want to go?" asked Mrs. Jordan, raising her eyebrows.

"Oh, yes, mother, but . . . I haven't a thing to wear!"

"Oh, my dear! What's the matter with your lavender chiffon?"

"Nothing, only I've worn it three times to dances with Larry before."



"Well, why can't you wear your white taffeta? That's a lovely dress."

"Don't you remember? My heel caught in it and tore it at the Alumni Dance last spring."

"Bring it down here. We'll see if we can fix it," coaxed Mrs. Jordan soothingly.

In a few minutes mother and daughter were puzzling over a nasty three-cornered tear in the skirt of a luxurious white gown. Then Mrs. Jordan started to sew carefully.

"There," she said, finally breaking off her thread. "Try that on and see if it will be noticed."

Kathy's dark head obediently disappeared into the vast whiteness of the dress and quickly reappeared. "Oh dear," she said. "It's right in the front! Can you see it, mother?"

"Yes. I'm afraid that won't do, dear. Let's go up in your closet and see what we can find."

After the three remaining dresses were rejected because of style or some kind of stain, Mrs. Jordan said, "Well, you'll either have to squander your month's savings on a new dress, or call Larry and say you can't go."

"I'd just as soon spend my money. Will you go with me?"

"Certainly, dear. Get out my coat and I'll be with you in a minute."

Mrs. Jordan and Kathy spent all that afternoon in the various gown shops of the town. Mrs. Jordan would pick out the gowns she liked, and Kathy the ones *she* liked, and then Kathy would try them all on. Finally late in the afternoon they found one which both liked and which fitted Kathy as if it were made for her.

"We'll take it," said Mrs. Jordan and Kathy in unison.

Kathy was very tired when she at last got home; so she lay down on the couch for a little snooze while Mrs. Jordan was preparing

supper. Someone calling her name awakened her from her sleep. She was wanted on the telephone. It was Larry. She hoped nothing was wrong.

"Oh no," she was assured, "but I just wanted to tell you something. I've been trying to get you all afternoon. Be sure to wear old clothes, you know, all patches and stuff."

"Old clothes?" repeated Kathy dazedly.

"Yeah. It's a Poverty Dance. Why? Isn't that all right?"

"Oh, oh, yes, Larry. That's . . . all right. Bye now." Almost in tears she turned away from the telephone. "Mother! Oh mother, it's a Poverty Dance, and I haven't a thing I can wear! Oh, mother!"

Sir Roger Visits a Wax Museum

(With apologies to Joseph Addison)

David E. Mann, Jr., '40

As I was yesterday taking the air with my friend Sir Roger, we were met by a young gentleman who had just recently visited the London wax museum. Upon my inquiring how he had enjoyed it, he replied that it was the most fascinating exhibit he had ever witnessed.

This controversy aroused my interest to such an extent that I immediately began to make plans with Sir Roger to visit the wax-works. To be brief, I found that the young gentleman's account had also excited Sir Roger's curiosity. He suggested that Will Wimble should come with us to share our enthusiasm and that we were to leave for London by stage coach early the following morning.

The next morning we left early, arriving at the wax museum in the later afternoon. Having paid the entrance fee of sixpence, we entered the building, which was three stories high and covered a whole block. Inside were hundreds of costumed images resembling celebrities and citizens. I inquired of a guide where

the royal images were and was shocked to find him a wax figure. I could not forbear discovering greater expressions of mirth when I looked around and saw Sir Roger and Will Wimble. I warned them to be quiet lest we cause an uproar.

After we had observed the first two floors, I was exhausted; so I told Sir Roger and Will to go up on the third floor while I rested in a Chair. I sat down and was proceeding to take a short nap when I heard a voice say, "Isn't that realistic?"

Whereupon another replied, "They must have used a barrel of wax for that stomach."

Utterly mortified and insulted I arose to the astonishment of my spectators and left the museum. When Will and Sir Roger saw me, they inquired whether I had enjoyed the exhibit. I asked them if they thought I had a large stomach; whereupon they replied that they didn't see what that had to do with my liking the exhibit.

The Bookshelf

Janice Brooke, '40

Do you want something new in books; not just a crisp new cover, but something unusual and different inside? These, for example —

—The unique story of a man who lived alone at the South Pole. Not fictitious, either. For here are the experiences of that famous explorer, Rear Admiral Richard E. Byrd. Picture, if you can, living, for months, on that barren sea of ice! The new book, entitled "Alone", is something entirely different in the way of a travel book.

—Or if you prefer something on the lighter side, there is that clever bit of satire by Marquerite Halsey. It is an amusing story of the English, their life and customs, and includes a rather ingenious slam at English women, and the way they dress. "With Malice Toward Some" is the title.

—At present, there is nothing quite so well-liked as "The Yearling". This is a fascinating novel of a Florida boy, whose only playmate is, of all things, a fawn! It is beautifully, yet simply written. You are sure to like this unusual book written by that much-praised author,—Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings.

—Perhaps you have read "North To the Orient". If so, don't neglect Anne Morrow Lindbergh's "Listen, the Wind," the exquisite, newly-published story of her flight from Africa to South America. If you have never read any of Mrs. Lindbergh's stories, you will enjoy her fascinating style all the more. Her second book proves that the success of her first wasn't "beginner's luck". Critics like the way she expresses her sensations while flying, and the sheer beauty of her writing. Doubtless, you will, too.

These are only four of the best-sellers of the moment—but four which I think are destined to last. Each is a welcome addition to any bookshelf, and, by the way, makes a notable gift. They can be purchased conveniently at bookshops in Needham. They may, indeed, be only made of paper, but what a gold-mine they are!

Here are the prices—all are \$2.50, with the exception of "With Malice Toward Some", which is only \$2.00. Richard E. Byrd's is nicely illustrated, too.

Winter

Barbara Cushman, '40

Long since the squirrel stored his nuts,
The ground-hogs sought their furry huts;
The beaver on his wood-pile cuts.
It is winter.

The wind has stripped the leaf from bough,
The farmer's hay is in the mow,
The weather's raw and cold, and now
It is winter.

Soon snow will cover all with white,
The moon will flood the earth with light,
The fairies dance—a sparkling sight—
It is winter.

Why should God give to mortal men,
So little power with the pen,
To sing the praise of weather, when
It is winter?

Maine Pine

Warren Plaisted, '40

Somewhere in the Maine shore country you
can find me every fall,
Where the wind is moist and mellow and the
sedge is brown and tall;
Where you hear drowsy music in an air as
sweet as wine,
In the whispering and murmuring of the sweet
Maine pine.

Clusters delicate as palm fronds, waving in a
southern breeze,
Quail a-whistling on the uplands, purple haze
upon the seas;
While from forest, grove, and hilltop, singing
in this heart of mine
Comes the undertone of ages from a spray of
longleafed pine.

Who Makes Up a Movie Audience?

Priscilla Alden, '40

Some people claim to find pleasure in wrapping themselves up in blankets and freezing to death watching two teams juggle a football. Others much prefer to wilt away under the glaring sun at a baseball park, while still other less energetic beings, spend hours buying and exchanging tiny pieces of gummed paper — called stamps. These they carefully place in stamp books and soon forget.

One source of enjoyment, however, of which almost everyone partakes is the movie. The harmless looking movie theatre is the "melting pot" of social life. Here one finds the old and young, male and female, rich and poor.

In the afternoon the audience usually consists of housewives, who find in Gable and Taylor the romance which their Henry is now too busy to supply. But the housewife's thoughts stray from imagining herself the heroine, to the time it will take to cook the potatoes for supper.

However, to see the greatest variety of people one should go in the evening. The first rows of the balcony nearly always contain a group of noisy high-school students, who, after having been calmed several times by the usher, settle down to the more taciturn enjoyment of throwing paper into the orchestra beneath.

They are being silently reprimanded by a couple far over from the crowd. Although they themselves have just recently passed high-school age, they regard their adolescent juniors with disgusted glances. They are not very much disturbed, however, being occupied with their own emotions, which, Grandma, who sits behind them considers improper. "In my day," she exclaims, "young folks did their sparkin' in private and granted no free exhibitions."

Next to her sits a big grumpy-looking business man, who has probably spent the day behind his desk. We judge by the sour expression on his face that the bills of the first of the month have arrived.

Always present is the man with the uncontrollable sense of humor. He, as a rule, is amused by anything but he favors the slapstick comedy. After having, to every appearance, laughed himself out, he is certain to interrupt a sad scene by a loud outburst, incited by the thought of a previous joke.

Then there is the person who always seems to sit behind us. She is the one who delights in informing everyone not to worry that, having seen the picture before, she can assure us that the hero will live.

Our astonished eye now falls upon a boy about ten years old who is lost in the world of cowboys and Indians. He is the gum chewer, and as we look for the second time we begin to believe in the theory of perpetual motion.

One can always find a wise-cracker. In the most crucial moment of the picture, when the heroine is to be driven from her home, he can be counted upon to yell, for the benefit of all, "Buck Benny rides again."

Over there we see a young girl who knows the names, ages, and private lives of all the stars. She is the "stage-struck kid," who follows the fads of Hollywood and goes about her home enacting Garbo's latest role and believing herself misunderstood by her family.

If one observes closely enough he can distinguish two kinds of highly emotional persons. There is one individual who comes equipped with several handkerchiefs for the explicit purpose of having a good cry. Then there is the one who tries desperately to hold back the tears and finally shamefacedly gives in to her conquering feelings.

These are but a few examples of the many who go to the movies. However, for my part I feel that they add a great deal to the pleasure which I derive from this amusement. I may criticize the spooners or the chatterers, but I cannot imagine the movie theater without them.

Shanghai Passage

Louise Hawes, '39

Snow flung its fluffy, white blanket over Shanghai, and the crooked streets became carpeted with ermine. The merchants pulled down their rice paper windows, and the sidewalk vendors sewed on their winter coats and struck up their charcoal braziers so they would give a little more heat. The beggars straggled forth from their miserable huts and wrapped their few rags more tightly around them to try to keep out the cold. Their wooden cash bowls in their hands, young and old beseeched the passers-by for alms. For begging is an ancient profession in China. Whole families from great-grandfathers to toddling children depend on other people's generosity for their daily bowl of rice. Of such was nine year old Ah Sin, youngest of a family of six children. When he was very young he remembered his mother's teaching him how to stand on the street corner holding his cash bowl in his hands and to cry beseechingly for alms.

Ah Sin was a plump little boy, or at least his many layers of ragged clothes made him appear so. He had dancing black eyes and a determination to become something more than a beggar in this world. His greatest desire was to own a new suit of clothes like those of his friend Jimmey Yen, who was house boy for one of the white foreigners. From many years of practice he had learned that the white strangers were more generous than his own people; therefore, he frequented the Legation Quarter more often than he did other parts of the city.

It was early afternoon and Ah Sin had had no luck all morning. His cash bowl contained only a few coppers. His master would beat him if he returned home with such an empty bowl. He hoped he would meet Mr. Warren because he always gave him something. Mr. Warren was his special friend. He was a tall, gray, kindly man, who had let Ah Sin earn a few coppers by carrying his bundles one rainy day. The old man had invited him into his



warm house for a bowl of rice and tea because the little boy had been so wet and cold. Ah Sin's happy-go-lucky nature had won the old man's heart, and he and the boy had become fast friends.

Today Mr. Warren was late. He had received bad news. He must leave for America immediately, and he thought as he saw Ah Sin's stubby figure approaching that in America he would miss his little beggar friend.

"Good day, Ah Sin," said Mr. Warren. "Here is something for your bowl, and there is something for yourself. Buy a gift to remember me by because I am going away soon and probably shall not return. I am an old man, and China and America are a long way apart."

Ah Sin and Mr. Warren always spoke in Chinese for the simple reason that Ah Sin knew no English.

"May Kwan bless you, Mr. Warren," replied Ah Sin courteously. "I shall miss your honorable presence. You have been very good

to me. I had hoped to repay your kindness in some way, but now I fear it is impossible. Why must you leave so soon?"

"My sister is very ill and I must go to her. I leave tomorrow morning on the 'Americana.' You and I have been good friends, Ah Sin, so good-by and may the Great One watch over you."

With customary Chinese politeness Ah Sin bade Mr. Warren goodbye, then continued on his way. His active mind had hit upon a plan, a way in which he could both return Mr. Warren's kindness and better his own position.

Next morning found Ah Sin at the pier where the "Americana" was docked. It was early, but the pier was teeming with people of all walks of life. One small beggar boy was not very conspicuous in that mob. Ah Sin slipped past the porters who had finished loading the cargo, and down into the hold of the ship. He knew all about ships, for he had begged coppers from the passengers many times before. He climbed over and around large boxes, feeling his way through the velvety darkness. At last he discovered a place between two huge packing cases where he could crawl in. He lay down and decided to go to sleep. He was happy and contented. He had had a large bowl of rice that morning; and Mr. Warren's money had bought many seed cakes, which were in his sleeve. He felt a little frightened at leaving China; but he was sure he would like America, and being Mr. Warren's house boy would be fun. At last he fell asleep and the great ship pulled slowly out of the harbor with Mr. Warren safely on board, never dreaming that his little Chinese friend was sleeping soundly aboard the same boat.

Three days out from port the "Americana" was making good time on her homeward voyage. Ah Sin had spent three dark, stuffy days in the hold. His seed cakes were gone and he felt he must have fresh air. As soon as all were safely in bed except the watch he would go for a walk. He crawled stiffly over the boxes again and stumbled into the passageway.

He made his way out on deck without any trouble and began his search for some drinking water.

The sailor on watch, who was just rounding the deck, caught sight of his stubby figure and shouted, "Who goes there? Don't move or I'll shoot."

Frightened by the sudden call, Ah Sin bolted for the hold. A shot whistled over his head and as Ah Sin rounded the corner of the deck a sudden roll of the ship threw him sprawling. His head struck the corner of a packing case and he lost consciousness.

When Ah Sin regained consciousness, he saw a group of blurred faces all unfamiliar but one—Mr. Warren's. He was terrified and began to scream loudly in Chinese. He heard Mr. Warren speak some reassuring words to one of the men, and soon they were alone.

"Ah Sin, why did you run away?" scolded Mr. Warren. "It was wrong to stow away aboard this ship. You know you must be sent back."

Ah Sin was now much ashamed and his head hurt dreadfully.

"I much sorry, master, but it was so cold in Shanghai. Coppers were so few and beatings much more plentiful. I thought perhaps you would let me be your house boy. Please don't send me back! I'll do anything you say!" begged Ah Sin, forgetting his aching head.

"Very well, Ah Sin," said Mr. Warren after some moments thought. "You may stay. I will not send you back. But there must be no more stealing or begging and you must go to school like other boys. My house boy must be neat and intelligent as well as helpful."

A few days later found Ah Sin on deck with his head still bandaged. But he was supremely happy. His greatest desire had been granted. He was on his way to America and was wearing a whole new suit of clothes. Certainly Kwan must have turned a kindly ear and heard his prayers.

On Hay Fever

Margaret A. Langille, '39

There are many evils in this world. My heart goes out to those who suffer from the ravages of war; my heart goes out to those who are victims of some grasping political ruler; my heart goes out to those who live in slum districts and cannot afford the bare necessities of life; but, more, still more, my heart goes out to the hay fever sufferer.

A reconstruction period follows every war, and in time the refugees are taken care of; in time the political boss is ousted, and his victims are freed from oppression; in time social service workers penetrate the slum districts and provide improved living conditions for the unfortunates; but what, in time, can be done for the hay fever victim?

True, there are clinics, inoculations, pollen masks, pine tree colonies, and numerous medicines, but there are also some extremely persistent cases of the disease which nothing seems to cure. My own is one of seven years' duration—or, I should say, endurance.

But just what is hay fever? Mr. Webster gives us a very clear definition in his worthy volume, summed up it means "an inflammatory infection of the nasal membranes." So much for that.

And now, you ask just how the disease affects one. Ah, "thereby hangs a tale." To answer that question I shall give you a brief resumé of what I consider a typical day in the life of the average hay fever addict.

You are awakened in the wee sma' hours of the morning by your alarm clock—a sneeze. You dress and sneeze, turn about. The odious malady subsides for a few minutes, but your tooth powder only aggravates the trouble, and you are off anew. Trudging downstairs to breakfast, you sneeze "Good Morning" to your now reconciled parents. Your egg is eaten with but salt and butter—no pepper, you know. Of course, if you are a person who likes highly seasoned foods, you use pepper at your own risk and suffer the consequences. You start out

for school—sneezing, and arrive in the same state. If it's Monday morning, you are very likely to break the golden silence of the assembly hall by sneezing during the high point of the program.

At about nine o'clock the affliction usually subsides for the greater part of the day. On arriving home again in the afternoon, you may want to take a walk about the garden before tackling your homework. If that is the case, you view the flowers from a goodly distance—never daring, of course, to go very near, as pollen is one of your worst enemies. We take it for granted that there is no ragweed about the premises, for it, above all other foes, is your deadliest one. However, a neighbor on the next street may be cultivating a stalk or two, and if the wind happens to be blowing to advantage, you very likely will get a whiff of it. The result is a rapid retreat to the house.

Thus it goes until bedtime. By that time you are totally exhausted what with both hay fever and homework, and you are quite ready for bed. But, alas, not for sleep. The pillow which is kept on your bed, more for custom's sake than anything else, is removed to another room for the night, before sleep is possible. Feathers must be avoided. Coming into contact with them for all of two minutes, has, in all probability, started you off again. At last you fall asleep from utter exhaustion; and so, your day ends.

The Sea on a Rampage

Barbara Hainsworth, '40

The waves come prancing to the shore,
Their heads held high, their white manes flying,
The sea-gulls cry out as they soar,
Then dip and wheel, the waves defying.

These rampant chargers with a roar
Scale rock and cliff, then farther climbing,
Crash and break, and then once more
Recede in foaming rhythmic timing.

How Not to Clean a Smoke Pipe

Cameron Ives, '40

For the amount of coal consumed, our furnace gave very poor results, consisting usually of an amazing volume of smoke and a fifty-five degree average house temperature. If the mercury outside exceeded fifty-five degrees, we opened the windows and let nature heat the house.

Frequent complaints from the family finally compelled me to take some action towards the problem. Upon first thought it seemed wise to hire a furnace expert for the job, but after further contemplations I decided to tackle the task myself.

Donning as old a suit of clothes as was available, I descended to the cellar only to find that the necessary tools, having been employed by Junior as implements of war were scattered about the orchard. I collected them and proceeded to commence the job. It was apparent that the smoke pipes needed cleaning, and the sensible way to proceed was to remove the pipes section by section and knock out the soot that had been accumulating for years.

Having sized up the situation, I commenced to climb in among the maze of water pipes behind the furnace. I had clipped the supporting wires and removed the first three sections when an officious neighbor popped in and began offering unwanted advice and asking numerous questions. After quelling this flood of interrogations, I again ascended to my position and started wrestling with a section that was apparently stuck. It wasn't long before exclamations from the next floor were sharply voiced. The cellar door was flung open and a grief-stricken woman stuck her head downstairs and exclaimed in a hostile tone of voice, that great clouds of smoke and soot were ascending through the ventilators and blackening the newly-painted ceilings. By a lapse of memory I had neglected to open the main draft. Once again I commenced, only to find that the badly

rusty pipe crumpled in my hands and an avalanche of soot descended. I grasped the remaining sections and called for aid. In his eagerness Junior knocked over the box beneath me and down crashed the pipe, rust, soot and ashes with me beneath them. Upon opening my eyes, I was confronted with what appeared to be night. The cellar was filled with soot so thick that I had to feel my way out. As I gained the door there was Junior, a miniature Joe Louis if ever there was one. He was black as the proverbial ace of spades from scalp to sole. After uttering my feelings in the form of mild profanity, I groped my way back to the scene of devastation. The haze had settled and I could perceive the beauty of my job. The cellar couldn't have looked worse if bombed. The floor was strewn with debris and the once stately furnace was stripped almost down to the firebox.

The cleaning-up job took days, and upon completion I purchased the required length of smoke pipe, but when it came to erecting it, I hesitated. Previous experience had made it evident that I was no furnace expert.

A Poem

Wallace Hay, '40

The teacher said that there must be
A poem of twelve lines for me.
I sat and thought of rhyme and verse,
But each attempt was worse and worse.

I thought of nature, sun and sky,
Of homemade mince and apple pie.
My mouth is watering at this time,
But even that helps not my rhyme.

The words elude my stupid brain
As I look through my window-pane.
A poet might even look at me
But surely not my poetry.

A Burglar Alarm

Barbara Hopkins, '39

"Well," said Mrs. Cain nervously, as she read the headlines of the morning paper, "here is the account of another robbery in the neighborhood. Hiram," she added, turning to her husband, "that makes number four within a week, and if you do not get some kind of burglar alarm, do not expect me to stay in this house another night. The first thing you know we will find ourselves murdered and the house robbed. How many times must I speak before you will do something?"

Mr. Cain in an absent-minded way promised that he would attend to the matter that very day, although his wife, Hetty, thought he would probably forget all about it by the time he reached the street. Upon his return in the evening, Hetty asked him what he had done in regard to some protection. Drawing a newspaper from his pocket, Hiram said, "Now, Hetty, it's foolish to spend money on a new-fangled burglar alarm. Here is a fine idea suggested in this paper — 'cheap and effective.'"

Then he read to her a suggestion in the paper about hanging a tin pan on the door of the bedroom.

"Anyone can see, Hetty, that whoever suggested that plan is a genius. The idea is that even a slight jar of the door will dislodge the pan, and the resulting noise will not only awaken the occupants of the room, but will surely scare the burglar."

"Well," agreed Mrs. Cain, "perhaps it is better than nothing and it won't cost anything to try it. I'll hunt up some pans now."

Therefore, each inside door of the house, left slightly ajar, was crowned with a tin pan. As added protection Hiram put a six shooter under his pillow, and placed a baseball bat at the head of the bed.

"Now, Hetty," he remarked, "if you happen to be awakened by a noise, don't scream and jump out of bed. Just keep quiet or some of the bullets I fire may hit you. Let me handle everything and Mr. Burglar will regret picking out this house."

Everything went well until early morning when they were awakened by a sharp banging noise.

"Great Scott," yelled Mrs. Cain, as she pulled the clothes over her head. "Shoot him, Hiram, quick!"

Hiram fumbling under the pillow, finally grasped the revolver with an unsteady hand and fired six times in rapid succession. One bullet went through a mirror; another hit the ceiling; another shattered the bed post; the fourth smashed the portrait of his mother-in-law; the other two were embedded in the walls.

"D-d-don't be f-f-frightened, Hetty," said Hiram. "I guess I have k-k-killed him."

Just then there was a noise like that of a boiler factory, in the adjoining room and Mrs. Cain shrieked loud enough to scare the life out of any burglar.

"H-H-Hetty," whispered the frightened Hiram, grasping the baseball bat and swinging it so recklessly that he hit himself in the shins. "The house is full of burglars and we will surely be b-b-butchered. Everyone for himself!" Leaping out of bed, he jumped through a window on to the roof of an ell, accidentally falling off into the yard below, just as another burglar alarm went off with a deafening clamor. Mrs. Cain, thinking her end had surely come, let out a fresh shriek while her husband with a sprained ankle was lying in the back yard.

A policeman, passing the house on his beat was attracted by the uproar and nearly pulled the doorbell out by the roots without getting a response. After hesitating a little and hearing no further noises, he gathered courage from the thought that if a murder had been committed the assassin had escaped; so with a mighty lunge he forced open the door. Upon entering the dark hall-way, he accidentally brushed against the arm of a hat-rack and started to demolish it with his night stick, thinking he had come in contact with the burglar.

Believing that assistance was needed, the policeman rushed out of the house in order to secure the help of brother officers to search the place.

Mrs. Cain was found in bed in a swoon; her husband was located in the back yard, in about the same condition; and the supposed burglar was found under a sofa shivering with fear,

and with his tail tucked tightly between his legs.

The cause of all the trouble was easily explained. Mrs. Cain, having burglars on her mind more than anything else, had forgotten to put out the cat, and this innocent animal in going from one room to another had dislodged the "cheap and effective" burglar alarms.

Our Lawn

Robert Chalue, '40

In former years the mowing of our lawn was merely a matter of two hours' labor, but the heavy, continued rains of the summer of '38 yielded such a heavy crop of sturdy grass that I had to divide the lawn into three sections, mowing them on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, respectively, and sending the mower to the sharpeners on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays.

As the summer heat increased, the grass seemed to grow tougher, making it imperative that I divide the lawn into six sections, throwing the former schedule off balance and making it necessary that I mow one section every day. Since this gave no time for sharpening the mower, I had to purchase another one in order to have one sharpened every day.

One day, after weeks of this routine, I was suddenly halted by a painful stabbing in my arm. Investigating, I saw what appeared to be a creature about the size of a humming bird with six legs and a miniature pneumatic drill mounted in front, complete with compressors and air tubes. I seized a nearby husky blade of grass and clubbed the beast to death. It was three days before I was able to use my arm again. Later I examined the insect and found it to be an enormous mosquito.

I wondered whether there would be many of these creatures, and a few days later, while trying to catch up with my schedule, I found out. The sky seemed to be growing darker, and, looking up, I saw a great swarm of giant mosquitoes. I left the mower and ran to the

house for shelter, closing the door just in time to escape them. The next morning, as I could see no sign of them, I ventured out to try to mow a section before they returned. When I had almost reached the lawn mower, I saw them camped on it and all around it. I retreated to the house as quietly as possible, in order not to disturb them, wondering what I was going to do about cutting the lawn, as I could not go near it and the mosquitoes had possession of one of the mowers. During the next few days, more of them came and camped on the lawn, matting it down, and slowing up the growth.

Soon there was a scarcity of food for the mosquitoes, and one morning a flock of them started to bore into the lawn mower; but finding it very poor eating, they tried to draw out their miniature drills, only to find them stuck fast. Immediately they tried to fly away but there were so many stuck on the mower that they lifted it slowly into the air. They created such a panic among the other mosquitoes camping nearby, that they all began milling around, bewildered. As the other mosquitoes gradually left the ground with the mower, the whole horde followed.

When they had all left, I went out to see what damage, if any, had been done. I found I was minus one lawn mower and that the grass had been tramped down so hard that it didn't grow up again that summer. The mosquitoes were last seen flying out to sea, where they undoubtedly died. I never had any more trouble with the lawn that summer.



TRIMIE YP

SB /A YP..

"Bubble"

Many thanks to Louise Carre, Chairman, and to Avis Bailey, Elva Baldelli, Catherine Capocci, Bernice Clifford, Margaret Cohan, Thelma Colburn, Eleanor Colby, Eileen Condrin, Anna Donati, Mary Ferrara, Aileen Henderson, Barbara Hollis, Mary Matherweiz, Lorraine McAleney, Ruth Monahan, Ruth Morton, and Shirley Townsend for the long hours of work which they have spent on Advocate typing.

* * * *

What Sophomore boy continually looks at a certain Senior through the Biology room door into 213 at the beginning of the fifth period?

* * * *

Some moving pictures were taken recently of our girls' hockey squad. Maybe some day one will get an offer from Hollywood!

* * * *

A very popular, blonde Junior Miss has been sporting a very tricky pair of navy blue sport shoes. Have you seen them?

* * * *

The Student Council held its first meeting recently. Their officers are President, Bob Schmalz; Vice-President, Jack Flanagan; and Secretary, Thelma Colburn. The committees for the S. A. A. Dance were Music, Ralph Leader; Refreshments, Isabel Denfeld; Decorations, Jack Flanagan.

Two Junior girls seem to find it very convenient to keep their books in a certain third floor locker.

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In regard to that, the Sophomore boys remind us to tell the Seniors to lay off.—Oh yeah!

* * * *

Open house during Education Week was held November 8th, in the Senior High School. The following took part in the program presented in the auditorium: Donald Witherell, Jack Wood, John MacPherson, Lawrence Welch, the Boys' Quartet, the Boys' Glee Club, the Orchestra, and Commander R. Lakeman of the American Legion, Post Number 14. Parents were then invited to visit teachers in their home rooms.

* * * *

Hint: Certain study periods might be more successful if more talking permissions were given!

* * * *

Our tall, red-headed P.G. writes too many notes to Ruth Shaw. Tsk! Tsk! He didn't lose any time.

* * * *

The P.G.'s are all excited about their forthcoming assembly program. They say it is to be very funny.

At one of the Cheering Practices, the P.G.'s had a good version of the sky-rocket cheer. Too bad it didn't work!

* * * *

A short blonde Senior certainly enjoys coming into Mr. Frost's room last period most every day. It always results in making a tall, dark Junior blush! Tsk! Tsk!

* * * *

The Needham High School Library is fortunate this year in having twelve new books. Webster's New InTernational Dictionary was a very welcome addition as were "Ethan Frome," by Edith Warton; "Victory," and "Youth," by Joseph Conrad; and "John Brown's Body," by Stephen Vincent Benét.

For those who must read plays and autobiographies for book reports, "Four Plays," by Henrik Ibsen, "Representative Plays," by John Galsworthy, and "An American Doctor's Odyssey," by Victor Heiser, will be found entertaining and interesting. "From Immigrant to Inventor," by Michael Pupin, "Autobiography of Lincoln Steffens" and "Mexico," by Stuart Chase are other books which merit the attention of all students.

* * * *

We wonder if one of our football captains knows the difference between American and English horse racing?

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Is the sheik of Miss Churchill's home room ever going to stop flirting with all of the girls? Apparently his voice gets them.

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Billy Rugg and his orchestra, composed of Bob Soderberg as trumpeter, Clarke Wertheim with his saxophone, and Garet Shepherd as drummer, appeared over a local broadcasting station, Saturday afternoon, October 29. Good work, boys!

* * * *

Two new activities have been added to our daily curriculum — a verse-speaking choir, coached by Miss Dodge, and a fancy dancing class, taught by Miss Carroll.

Much praise to Dorothy Whitehead for composing the music for our new "Football Song", and to Alice Whitmore for the original words. A very catchy tune which is going places, or should we said say, "Dot" is.

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Roberta Kelly has an unusual charm bracelet with tiny gold replicas of the nation's most popular magazines, such as Vogue, Collier's, Harper's, etc.

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Approximately four o'clock every afternoon, a well-known Senior twosome may be found in the vicinity of Fair Oaks Park and Great Plain Avenue.

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This year the study-hall pupils are entertained by the men working on the building!

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We wonder why a certain Sophomore rates a locker in the Senior corridor?

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An admiring Junior U. S. History student presented Mr. Frost with a loaf of vegetable bread. How was it, Mr. Frost?

* * * *

The Library Club got well under way by introducing the library to the Sophomore Class. This club meets every Monday afternoon with Miss Steele. Following are the members: President, Mary Winter; Vice-President, Virginia Schroeder; Secretary, Louise Adie; others, Vivian Downes, Louise Thayer, Muriel Slaney, Betty Woodward, Dorothy Leeper, Eleanor Gilfoxy, Virginia Haffey, Madelyn Titus, Eunice Parker, Phyllis Barker, Janice Brooke, Marguerite Gately, Sybil Harris, Muriel Peterson, and June Stanley.

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The library is living up to its reputation of entertaining pupils who have nothing to do and no place to go after school.

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What so-called "hard-boiled" teacher has a terrific blush that should be controlled?

Our S. A. A. has provided us with a number of highly entertaining and educational assemblies this fall. "Lord Chumley," a monologue, was presented by Mr. John Hines on October 10. A moving picture, "Materials," was sponsored by Chevrolet on October 17. On October 24, Mr. Talbot illustrated with slides a very interesting talk on the conservation of wild life. "La Voluntad de Pedros" or "The Will of Pedro," a monodrama, was artistically presented on November 14 by Mrs. Beale, our Senior play coach.

Amid cheers and rousing band music, the annual pre-game Wellesley-Needham football rally climaxed school before the Thanksgiving recess. While enthusiasm ran high, the students listened to pep talks by "Jim" Crossman, John Whetton, "Jugger" Ryan, "Bernie" Richwagen, David Gross, Henry Green, "Johnny" Walker, past captain of the B. U. football team, Coaches Claxton, Small and Pelletier, and Co-captains Schmalz and Fante-grossi. The motion picture of the 1937 Wellesley-Needham football game was also shown.

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About what Sophomore locker on the third floor do all the Senior boys seem to collect in the morning?

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We wish we could have more community singing in our assemblies as it gives us a good chance to get together. It has been suggested that we also sing popular music.

* * * *

The orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Fisher, consists of many very talented members. With the addition of our new trumpeter, our brass section is going right to town. The group played at the Open House night on November 8. Several new pieces, which are truly quite fine, have been added to their repertoire since last year.

* * * *

There are thirty-six girls in Leaders' Club this year. Their captain is Thelma Colburn, and her assisting committee is made up of four squad leaders.

A certain Senior boy seems to be giving all the new girls the "breaks," especially the Junior and Sophomore girls.

* * * *

The girls who study in the library ought to buy Mr. Pelletier some ear muffers. His ears amplify the noises he hears altogether too well.

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Did you know that you could now obtain student tickets from our principal or teachers for the Fine Arts Theater which entitle you to a much lower rate than the regular admission?

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When the hurricane struck New England, Needham High was very fortunate. Although there was much damage done throughout the town, the school suffered scarcely at all.

* * * *

The Girls' Glee Club, under the able direction of Mr. Fisher, our new music instructor, has gone far in the several weeks of its work. There are seventy members, including Dorothy Whitehead, manager and accompanist, and Arlene Knowles, acting secretary and librarian. The group is working on a beautiful religious piece which features Louise Lewis as soloist in quite a difficult part.

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Seeing the girls got their socks last year, we wonder if they'll strike for shorts and slacks this year.

* * * *

"True love never runs smooth," but in Needham High there is an exception to that saying, because a well-known blonde Senior boy and girl have certainly survived lovers' quarrels.

* * * *

Needham High is fortunate in gaining Miss Kenney and Mr. Fisher as teachers in our school. Miss Kenney teaches French I and English II to Sophomores. She is a Sophomore class advisor and an assistant athletic director. Mr. Fisher, who comes from New York, is the able director of music in both the Senior and Junior High Schools.



SENIOR PLAY CAST

Back Row: J. Sammarco, R. Youlden, F. Dooley.

Second Row: P. Carre, D. Lovering, S. Hulse, M. Slaney, B. St. Clair, D. Gates, A. Daniels, B. Mills.

Front Row: Mrs. Charles H. Beale, Coach, J. Stahl, R. Monahan, V. Downes, E. MacGray, R. Wheeler, B. Jones, B. Hollis, R. Shaw.

Senior Play

In "Growing Pains", Aurania Rouverol gives us an illuminating and authentic drama of real human beings as depicted in family life. It was successfully presented on December 16, 1938, in the Senior High Auditorium.

The story is a dilemma of the McIntyres who see their boy and girl tossed in the cataclysms of adolescence and can help little further than give directions for the turbulent course from a distance, advice which egocentric youth always rejects, of course.

These two kids, George and Terry, go through their throes in company with the neighborhood kids. Many things happen to all of them, but the end is bright and promising.

The cast is deeply indebted to Mrs. Beale, who served as coach, and to the many students who helped to make the play a success.

The play was produced by special arrangement with Samuel French.

The cast is as follows:

Terry McIntyre	Jaqueline Stahl
George McIntyre	Richard Youlden
Mrs. McIntyre	Vivian Downes
Professor McIntyre	David Lovering
Sophie	Susan Hulse
Mrs. Patterson	Ruth Wheeler
Elsie Patterson	Enid MacGray
Traffic Officer	Benjamin Mills
Dutch	Peter Carre
Brian	Francis Dooley
Omar	John Sammarco
Hal	Alexander Daniels
Pete	Thomas Goodwin
Prudence	Shirley Townsend
Patty	Ruth Monahan
Jane	Muriel Slaney
Mirian	Betty Jones
Vivian	Barbara Hollis

Our school is very happy to welcome so many new students this year. We hope that the following data will help to acquaint you with them:

<i>Name</i>	<i>Former residence</i>	<i>Noted for</i>
Ruth Shaw		
Littleton, N. H.		first prize essays
Robert Soderberg		
Darien, Conn.		spectacular trumpeting
Dorothy Thompson		
Petersburg, Tenn.		dramatics
Betty Woodward		
Manchester, Conn.		friendly manner
Phyllis Woodward		
Manchester, Conn.		pleasing personality
Jeanette Garneau		
Berlin, N. H.		basketball playing
Dorothy Rogers		
Falmouth, Mass.		dramatics
Eleanor Barry		
South Boston, Mass.		pleasing voice
Bernice Hogan		
Brookline, Mass.		popularity
John MacPherson		
Maynard, Mass.		oratorical ability
Douglas Stowell		
Newton, Mass.		reading books
Pearl Barnett		
Upton, Maine		stamp collection
Robert Barry		
South Boston, Mass.		popularity with girls
Donald Brooks		
Dedham, Mass.		track ability
Priscilla Brooks		
Dedham, Mass.		dramatics
Joyce Henry		
Nashville, Tenn.		swimming ability
Helen MacPherson		
Maynard, Mass.		art talent
Ralph Soderberg		
Darien, Conn.		snappy drumming
Madeline Ames		
Dorchester, Mass.		talented dancing
Andrew Bower		
Wethersfield, Conn.		radio fan
Jane Mulloney		
Bangor, Maine		bewitching eyes

You would really be surprised to know how many of the Senior girls spend their spare moments writing letters!

* * * *

Our first social activity of the year, the annual S. A. A. Dance, took place in our gymnasium on Friday evening, November 18. Despite the inclement weather (rain to you!) a large number of the student body were present to enjoy the smooth dance tempos of Ridgley Shepherd's Orchestra, assisted by two of our local songstresses, Betty Jones and Marguerite Gately. During intermission, dainty refreshments were served, including Mr. Frost's never-to-be-forgotten liquid concoction! The patronesses included Mrs. Pollard, Mrs. Frost, Mrs. Colburn, Mrs. Schmalz, and Miss Currie. This was indeed a fine beginning to our social season.

* * * *

We all missed the boys' pictures with the football write-up in the Boston Herald this year. Tough luck. Maybe next year!

* * * *

Almost any afternoon now, you may hear our Band practicing. Yes — A Needham High Band! Mr. Fisher surely deserves much credit for the splendid work he has done in organizing this group. It was certainly a thrill to see them march down our football field at their debut at the Dedham Game. You got off to a marvelous start, Band; keep it up!

* * * *

The Senior Girls are at it again! They're now finding their heart-throbs in the Junior class. That next, girls?

* * * *

We wonder if the girls on the Hockey Squad know where Brookline High is now?

* * * *

We wonder at which fire-sale a tall, dark Senior bought his hat. (The one which is always pinned in front.)

* * * *

Does a certain Sophomore boy need protection from three admiring Junior girls?

Hallowe'en provided us with many practical jokes this year such as the "Curley" sign on Mr. Frost's front door.

* * * *

Dorothy Maus has a new gold brooch about four inches long, spelling Jitterbug; and hanging from it are little charms—a trumpet, a couple dancing, etc. It's very cute!

* * * *

Winter's here, and so are mittens. This year we see the latter in our own school colors and initials.

* * * *

The three classes should all be ably managed this year by the following officers:

Senior — Robert Schmalz, President; Ralph Leader, Vice-President; Marcia Cleaves, Secretary; and Isabel Denfeld, Treasurer.

Junior — Richard Rice, President; Mary Perkins, Vice-President; Jack Flanagan, Secretary; and Thomas Fitzpatrick, Treasurer.

Sophomore — Garet Shepherd, President; Jane Biggart, Vice-President; Alice McKean, Secretary; and Robert McNeilly, Treasurer.

* * * *

Marion McKee and Dorothy Whitehead have taken up where Pearl Roissing ('38) left off and have started the roller skating fad again. The crowd skate at either Tech or Nuttings.

* * * *

Adele McIntosh is taking Margie Lyon's place this year as having the best looking page-boy coiffure.

* * * *

We love the way Betty Jones has changed her hair-do this year. We also like Idea Polverini's haircut.

* * * *

A senior girl on our hockey squad has a unique bracelet taken from—or was it presented by—a popular place where we go to wind up an evening. It is made of a spoon.

* * * *

Some of those Sophomore girls must feel pretty good when they have hooked a mighty Senior. Boy! Do some Seniors fall hard!

The Seniors took first place on the Scholastic Honor Roll with thirteen members listed. The Sophomores, with twelve, ran a close second. The Juniors took third with five, and the Post-Graduates trailed with two.

The summary:

Post-Graduates — James Davis, Robert White.

Seniors — Avis Bailey, Daniel Cole, Jean Dempsey, Elois Fairbanks, Joan Fallon, Eleanor Gilfoy, Aileen Henderson, Dorothy Leeper, Mary Matherwiez, Stanley Rice, Irving Ruggles, Mildred Shardlow, Janet Thomas.

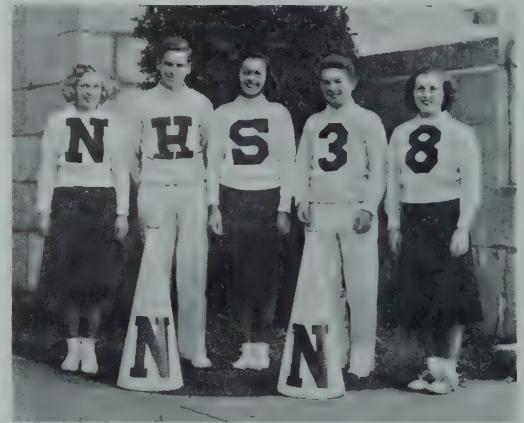
Juniors — Wallace Hay, Arnold Mackintosh, Jean Maddocks, Roger Nutt, Richard Rice.

Sophomores — David Allan, Vernon Baker, Jane Biggart, Virginia Breen, Norma Childs, Emily Fletcher, Elizabeth Gartner, Louise Lewis, Connie McCarthy, Alice McKean, Eugene Ward, John Wyeth.

* * * *

A Sophomore surely fell hard for a new blond Senior. Too bad—no response!

* * * *



CHEER LEADERS

B. Hollis, F. Heald, D. Gates, J. Powers, B. Jones.

Congratulations cheer leaders, Dell Gates, Betty Jones, Babs Hollis, Jimmy Powers, and Fred Heald! You did a worthy piece of work not only for our gridiron squad, but in securing those two brand new megaphones.



Football

NEEDHAM 13 MEDWAY 0

During the first half, Needham was held by smaller, lighter Medway. The third quarter was different as Leader twinkled 82 yards for a score. Keris bucked over the point. Hedges dodged 25 yards in the final chapter to complete the total.

ABINGTON 13 NEEDHAM 0

Scoring in the second half twice on two perfectly executed pass plays, Abington handed Needham its first defeat. Needham was well within Abington's twenty yard line more than once and lacked the punch to score.

NORWOOD 6 NEEDHAM 0

Needham's second defeat was administered by a typically scrappy Norwood team. Norwood scored via the air. Needham was within the Norwood fifteen yard line four times, but Norwood held.

DEDHAM 6 NEEDHAM 0

A highly-touted Dedham found the going a little tough as Needham pushed them all over the field. However, Katchpole broke away once, and that once was a score for Dedham. Needham couldn't get it back, so they again tasted defeat.

NEEDHAM 0 MILTON 0

Outplaying their opponents again and still not winning can be accounted for by the very poor officiating of this game. Twice, as proven by movies, Arra was over by slight margins,

and each time the scores were discounted by the referees.

NEEDHAM 26 BRAINTREE 0

Playing scrappy, driving football gave dividends as Needham won handily. Behind their powerful line, the backs ran very well. Leader, Hedges, Shilo, and Spicer tallied. The thrill of the game was provided by Spicer as he picked up an Androckovich-blocked punt and raced 46 yards for a score. The points after were taken care of by an Arra-placement and a rush by Hedges.

NEEDHAM 20 NATICK 7

Needham played its season's thriller as they thoroughly defeated Natick. Leading 6 to 0 at the end of the third quarter, Needham had its hopes damped when Natrick scored and then got the point after. Exactly 30 second had elapsed from the kick-off when Hedges broke away 66 yards for a touchdown. The point after was made by a Hedges-to-Leader pass. Hedges again scored in the fourth period with Schmalz bucking over for the point after. Fitzpatrick got the point after for the second touchdown, and Leader scored the first one by a pass.

FRAMINGHAM 6 NEEDHAM 0

A fumbled punt recovered by Framingham on the 2-yard line spelled defeat for Needham. Two plays later, Framingham got the lone tally of the game. Needham's line effectively shackled Wood of Framingham and completely dominated the game to no avail.



FOOTBALL SQUAD

Back Row: W. Rugg, Manager, W. Robinson, D. Acavoni, R. Kramer, D. Stowell, A. Scott, R. Raye, R. Miller, Assistant Manager.

Third Row: Mr. Pelletier, Assistant Coach, A. Silsby, Assistant Manager, R. Sharpe, R. Collamore, C. Stevens, D. Butcher, W. Kingston, R. Burns, H. Heath, C. Kinne, Manager, Mr. Mills, Assistant Coach.

Second Row: Mr. Small, Assistant Coach, L. Arra, D. Lumsden, T. Fitzpatrick, I. Hedges, R. Leader, H. McKay, D. Reed, T. Johnson, J. Keris, Mr. Claxton, Coach.

Front Row: W. Hunt, D. Chiappisi, A. Androckovich, M. Govoni, R. Schmaltz, Co-captain, V. Fantegrossi, Co-captain, W. Hutcheson, J. Flanagan, E. Lowery, J. Wood.

NEEDHAM 26

CANTON 0

Again looking like a really fine football team, Needham trampled the famed Canton line of three scores and took to the air for the final one. Leader garnered two, one after a pretty run and the other via a pass from Hedges. Hedges and Schmalz got one apiece, and Schmalz and Arra kicked two placements for the points after, to bring a tasty win to Needham.

Thanksgiving Day Game

NEEDHAM 20

WELLESLEY 6

On a bitterly cold Thanksgiving Day morning, Needham won its biggest game of the year before 8000 miserable but loyal fans. Needham's first score was the culmination of a 49-yard march which saw Fitzpatrick doing most

of the advancing of the ball and finally going over for the score — later Fitzpatrick again scored on a short buck. The other touchdown was one of the queerest seen for a long time. A punt hit Maccini, of Wellesley, on the head and rolled over the goal line, where Androckovich fell on it for a score. Schmalz scored both points after, by a placement and by picking up a blocked attempt and going over on the run. Needham's power was really turned on in the first half as they scored three times in four minutes. Wellesley scored on a pass on the last play of the game and failed the attempted buck for the extra point.

* * * *

About mid-way through the season the squad elected Bob Schmalz and Butler Fantegrossi as co-captains. Both fellows played outstanding football all season and were certainly well-deserving of the honor.



A NEEDHAM PLAY DEEP INTO NORWOOD TERRITORY WITH HEDGES CARRYING



NEEDHAM HIGH SCHOOL BAND

Back Row: B. Hollis, F. Heald, B. Cronkrite, L. MacGray, A. Anderson, T. Parker, J. Wyeth, J. Powers, B. Jones.

Third Row: W. Furniss, C. Goss, R. Buerhaus, C. Wertheim, R. Sherwood, E. Forsyth, D. Beevers, G. Johnston, D. Lovering, E. Moffatt, R. Young.

Second Row: J. Gartner, B. Wells, P. Barker, D. Page, E. MacGray, B. Lewis, S. Parker, P. Stockwell, B. Beals, K. Minkle, C. Carter, R. Soderberg, S. Stahl.

Front Row: Mr. Fisher, B. Chase, D. Church, H. Miller, H. Kingsley, R. Greene, D. Mann, J. Nelson, R. Soderberg, M. Grant, D. Rugen, R. Macomber, R. Richards, R. Sorenson, N. Kinne.

In front, holding the banner: B. Glassett, D. Gates.

GIRLS' SPORTS

Field Hockey

The girls of Needham High responded enthusiastically to the call for hockey candidates, there being sixty aspirants. This was later cut down to thirty-six which now compose the present squad. "Bunny" Colburn was elected captain of the first team.

As a preliminary to the regular season, Wellesley brought over three teams to compete in the annual practice games with Needham. The composite score of the games was 3 to 1 in favor of Wellesley, with Gertrude Haszard scoring the only goal of the day for Needham.

NEEDHAM 3 BROOKLINE 2

On October 13th, Needham journeyed to Brookline and defeated the Brookline girls 3 to 2, thus opening the season with a bang. All Needham's goals were scored in the first half, but the team received a scare when Brookline threatened to tie it up in the second half. Marcia Cleaves got two goals and Ruthie Morton received credit for one, when the ball deflected off the Brookline full-back's stick, into the goal. Connie McCarthy, a sophomore, played a good game at right wing.

The second team with "Izzy" Denfeld as acting captain played to a scoreless tie.

NEEDHAM 0 WATERTOWN 2

On October 20th, Needham's hockey team was defeated on our own field by a fast Watertown team, 2 to 0. The first half ended with no score, but in the last half Watertown proceeded to put away two goals in quick succession. This was an exceptionally hard and fast game with the half-backs playing fighting hockey.

Needham's second team, captained by Ruthie Rodgers, was overwhelmed by a score of 3 to 0.

NEEDHAM 1 WALTHAM 1

In a fast game with Waltham, in which Needham failed to capitalize on many short corners, Needham scored in the first half on a scoop goal by Marcia Cleaves. The second half was a heated contest with Waltham eventually scoring to tie up the score. Injuries were inflicted upon both Waltham and Needham players.

The second team also played to a 1 to 1 tie, with sophomore Betty Gilfoy getting Needham's only goal.

NEEDHAM 4 WELLESLEY 1

Needham must have had extra inspiration, for during the game in which our girls trounced our old rival Wellesley 4 to 1, moving pictures were taken by Frank Tucker. Although Wellesley was hitherto undefeated, Needham quickly proved which was the superior team when left-wing Barbara Hopkins and center-forward Marcia Cleaves put away two goals in the first half. Margaret Byington scored the third and Marcia Cleaves, the fourth and final goal of the game. Needham was in exceptional form with special credit going to Captain "Bunny" Colburn, our center-half, and June Haszard, our left-half. Needham's second team, captained by Shirley Townsend, continued to crush Wellesley's second team by the score of 2 to 0, with Barbara Hainsworth and Lorna MacGray making the goals.

The girls played a practice game with Natick here on November the 10th with the scores of 9 to 0, 5 to 1 for the first and second teams respectively.

The goals of the first team were made by Marcia Cleaves, scoring 4; "Bunny" Colburn, 2; Virginia Haffey, 2; and Margaret Byington, 1.

The second team goals were made by Lorna MacGray tallying 2; Barbara Ellis, 2; and Betty Gilfoy, 1.



FIELD HOCKEY SQUAD

Back Row: E. Johnson, G. Haszard, E. Smith, L. MacGray, M. Wheeler, D. Beevers, B. Ellis, B. Cushman.

Third Row: Assistant Manager E. MacGray, A. Carter, B. Fader, P. Power, B. Gilfoy, B. Dempsey, R. Fitzgerald, B. Hainsworth, H. Green, Manager R. Burton.

Second Row: Coach Carroll, C. McCarthy, J. Hazard, B. Woodward, M. Slaney, R. Rogers, J. Dempsey, I. Denfeld, S. Townsend, V. Haffey, J. Thomas.

Front Row: M. Winter, L. Hawes, R. Morton, M. Cleaves, T. Colburn, Captain, B. Hopkins, M. Byington, E. Baldelli, A. Cronin.

NEEDHAM 1

We lost our last game of the season to Walpole in one of the most thrilling encounters of the year by the above score. Both teams fought evenly to the end of the first half. Marcia Cleaves registered the only Needham goal. We gave Walpole a great battle in this game, but we lost out in the end. Mary Winter played a fine game as goalie.

The Needham second team lost to Walpole 2 to 0. Needham outplayed them in the first half, but were unluckily scored upon. Special credit must be given to the wonderful stops by goalie, Marjorie Wheeler, a sophomore.

Hockey Letters

1st Team

Baldelli, E.
Burton, R., *Manager*
Byington, M.
Cleaves, M.
Colburn, T., *Captain*
Cronin, A.
Denfeld, I.
Fitzgerald, R.
Haffey, V.
Haszard, G.
Haszard, J.
Hawes, L.
Hopkins, B.
MacGray, E., *Mgr.*
McCarthy, C.
Morton, R.
Rodgers, R.
Slaney, M.
Thomas, J.
Townsend, S.
Winter, M.

WALPOLE 2

2nd Team

Beevers, D.
Carter, A.
Cushman, B.
Dempsey, B.
Dempsey, J.
Ellis, B.
Fader, B.
Gilfof, B.
Green, H.
Hainsworth, B.
Johnson, E.
MacGray, L.
Power, P.
Smith, E.
Wheeler, M.
Woodward, B.

N. H. S.

Baldelli, E.	Hawes, L.
Beevers, D.	Johnson, E.
Carter, A.	Langille, M.
Dempsey, B.	Longmore, N.
Fader, B.	Luty, P.
Fader, D.	Maley, M.
Fitzgerald, R.	MacGray, L.
Haffey, V.	Winter, M.

Numerals

1941

Church, V.
DeVarenes, D.
Ely, N.
Frank, B.
Gearwar, C.
Gilfof, B.
Green, H.
Hall, V.
Hasenfus, M.
Haszard, G.
Kindleberger, B.
Lumsden, P.
McAleney, D.
McCarthy, C.
McKean, A.
Mulloney, J.
O'Connor, M.
Plaisted, P.
Power, S.
Ricciardelli, A.
Routledge, V.

Troy, V.

Welch, M.
Wheeler, M.
Woodward, J.
Worth, B.
Sayce, R.
Toone, P.
Zikorous, F.

1940

Cole, E.
Foster, B.
Hogan, B.
Morton, S.
Perkins, M.
Seaver, B.
Smith, El.

1939

Colby, E.
Gilfof, E.
Hagan, M.
Leeper, D.
MacDonald, M.

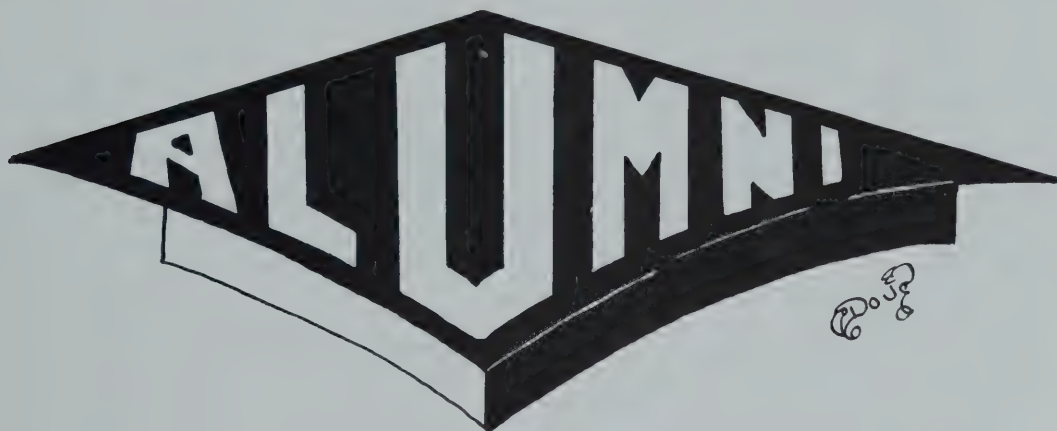
Leaders' Club

The Leaders' Club is composed of girls who serve as helpers during class periods.

The girls put on special march routines in the gym meet. "Bunny" Colburn was voted head of the club, and the members are as follows:

Bailey, A.	Haszard, J.
Baldelli, E.	Hopkins, B.
Burton, R.	Howe, B.
Byington, M.	Luty, P.
Carre, L.	MacDonald, M.
Cleaves, M.	MacGray, E.
Cohan, M.	MacGray, L.
Colburn, T.	Morton, R.
Condryn, E.	Nelson, E.
Cushman, B.	Perkins, M.
Dempsey, B.	Power, P.
Dempsey, J.	Rodgers, R.
Denfeld, I.	Roissing, H.
Eldridge, H.	Slaney, M.
Fader, B.	St. Clair, B.
Haffey, V.	Thomas, J.
Hainsworth, B.	Townsend, S.
Cronin, A.	Titus, M.





Such a short while ago the class of 1938 were among us that it yet seems strange to think of them as alumni. As may be seen below, they have quickly found their places in business, industry and school life.

CLASS OF 1938

Muriel Adams — Simmons
 Thomas Ahearn — Working
 Paul Alexander — Working
 Andrew Anderson — Post Graduate
 Charles Arra — Working; playing on the Junior Olympic Hockey Team
 Elizabeth Arringdale — Post Graduate
 Doris Ashworth — Working
 Virginia Barlow — Massachusetts Art School
 Frances Borrelli — Working
 Dorothy Breen — Working
 Robert Buckley — Post Graduate
 Robert Caldwell — Coast Guard Training School in Nantucket
 Robert Carter — Naval Training Station at Newport
 Virginia Chapman — Business School
 Walter Chase — Northeastern
 Alphonse Chiappisi, Jr. — Working; attending night school
 Alphonse Philip Chiappisi — Post Graduate
 Mary Craft — Post Graduate
 Elizabeth Cranton — Working
 Barbara Croft — Colby Junior College
 Edna Cronin — Training at Faulkner Hospital
 Adele Crowell — Katherine Gibbs School
 Frances Curtin — Norfolk Agricultural School
 James Davidson — Mt. Hermon Academy
 James Davis — Post Graduate
 Richard Decatur — Working
 Charles Digney — Working; attending Boston University night school
 Joseph Dineen — Post Graduate
 Norma Doane — Post Graduate
 Kathryn Donati — Framingham Teachers' College

Arthur Doten — Wentworth night school
 Joseph Ewing — Bentley School
 Robert Fales — Flying school in California
 Arthur Farnham — Working
 Frederic Farrell — Harvard
 Helen Ferran — Working
 Calmin Ferrara — Working and attending Boston University night school
 Grace Fitzpatrick — Miss Wheelock's School
 Thais Flanagan — At home
 Jane Forand — Working and attending night school
 Marjorie Forand — Westbrook Junior College
 Ralph Goodwin — Boston University Business night school
 Marion Greathead — Working
 Helen Green — Working
 Ingrid Grieve — Working
 Roger Griffen — Harvard
 George Habel — Working
 Donald Haire — Lincoln Tech
 Anita Halentic — Massachusetts Art School
 Charlotte Haszard — Training at the Waltham Hospital
 Robert Heald — Working
 Barbara Henderson — Working and attending night school
 James Henry — Working
 Ruth Hewett — Post Graduate
 Roy Hjelm — Northeastern University
 Nancy Huening — Vesper George Art School
 Portia Ives — Chandler Secretarial School
 Herbert Johnson — Wesleyan
 Paul Johnson — Bentley School of Accounting
 Carl Karcher — Northeastern night school
 Bernard Kelly — Working
 George Kline — Boston University

Alexander Korzon — Newton Trade School
 Ernest Kramer — Working
 Richmond Leach — Post Graduate
 Marion Lord — Post Graduate
 James Lothrop — Northeastern University
 Roland March — Norwich University
 Roy Martinsen — Working
 Eleanor Mastin — Chandler Secretarial School
 Rita Mastropieri — Working
 Winthrop McIntosh — Working
 Sara McKay — Working
 Mary McLaughlin — Night School
 Donald McNaughton — Working
 Shirley McNear — Miss Wheelock's School
 Ralph Miele — Working
 Janet Miller — Post Graduate
 Francis Mills — Working
 Helen Montague — Copley School of Fashion
 David Moore — Working
 John Mroczka — Working
 Miranda Nardone — Chandler Secretarial School
 Pauline Nichols — Post Graduate
 Sarah Nielsen — Massachusetts State College
 Rocco Nigro — Working
 Natalie Noyes — Westbrook Junior College
 Edith Olson — Boston University Business night school
 Esther O'Neill — Working
 Idea Paglia — Working
 William Perkins — Norwich University
 Edith Pike — Arcadia University
 William Pollard — College of Music at Boston University
 Ruth Powell — Working
 Elsie Praetsch — Chandler Secretarial School
 Helen Prohowski — Burdett
 William Regan — Working
 Robert Rich — Dartmouth
 Pearl Roissing — Working
 John Roper — Working
 Marjorie Rugen — Sargent
 Ridgley Shepherd — Northeastern
 Carroll-Mae Sherwood — Crane University
 Charles Shirley — Working
 Graham Simpson — Working and attending night school
 Frederick Slaney — Working
 Suzanne Snider — Post Graduate
 Elizabeth Snow — Business School
 Betty Stanwood — Secretarial School
 William Swan — Working
 March Timmerman — Northeastern night school
 Ross Toney — Working
 John Walter — Roxbury Latin
 Robert Warren — Norfolk Agricultural School
 Eleanor Webber — Chandler Secretarial School
 Elizabeth Welch — Simmons
 Helen Wheeler — Post Graduate
 Lewis Wheeler — Working
 Robert White — Post Graduate
 Alice Whitmore — Working
 Marjorie Willgoose — Business School
 Robert Wilson — Wentworth Institute
 Harriet Wood — Boston School of Dental Nursing
 Stanley Yaniak — Trade School
 Isabelle Yeates — Cambridge School
 Victor Zaffini — Working
 Stella Zavrid — Working
 Albert Zikorus — At home

OTHER ALUMNI NEWS

Jean Merrill, a senior at Wellesley, has been elected to Phi Beta Kappa. Last year she was rated as the second junior in scholastic standing.

Eleanor Bowker was one of five greater Boston girls doing honor work at Mt. Holyoke last year.

Charlotte Boyer, a senior at Smith College, was on the Dean's List for 1937-1938. She also took a prominent part in college and campus activities.

At Dartmouth last year on the honor roll were Loring Nye, William Buckley, and William Lansberg.

Three of five N. H. S. graduates at M. I. T. were on the honor roll last semester: Gilbert Tougas, Edward Fettes, and Gilman Andrews.

John Nye was on the Dean's List at Mass State College for the year 1937-1938.

Charles Powell, a sophomore at Worcester Polytechnic Institute, has been awarded a scholarship for the college year 1938-1939.

We are justly proud of achievements like these and hope that, when our turn comes, we may also bring credit to the Needham Senior High School.



EXCHANGE

Here we are again, ready to tell you all about the various magazines that have come in since last June. We have magazines and newspapers from various parts of the country — New Hampshire, Massachusetts, New York, and even from far away Idaho. The exchange board has had a great deal of pleasure reading these magazines, and we know you'd like to hear about them; so here goes—

"*The Cycle*," Woodsville High School,
Woodsville, N. H.

It is always a pleasure to read through your magazine because of its interest and originality. We liked your "Student's Diary" and especially the article entitled "The Ideal Teacher." Don't you think more pictures and a little more student news would make your magazine more interesting?

"*Boise High Lights*," Boise High School,
Boise, Idaho.

Your paper interested us very much and seemed complete except for one thing—lack of pictures. There are several articles that amused us very much, especially that one about men's fashions. Your description of the various clubs would be a splendid addition to any magazine.

"*Golden Rod*," Quincy High School, Quincy,
Mass.

We liked especially your cover and the pictures illustrating the stories. The stories themselves are good too, and the historical background of your school is very interesting. Don't you think a few candid camera shots or more student news would add to your magazine?

"*The Red Cap*," North Attleborough High,
North Attleborough, Mass.

"Aunt Sara's Question Box" amused us very much. It is an original was to present student news. Your "Definitions" are so good that we are going to quote a couple of them:

"Gasoline is the stuff that if you don't have good in your car it won't run as well if."

"A desk is when you're tired of working you don't sit at."

Don't you think your magazine would be better if more stories and essays were added?

"*Mirror*," Waltham High School, Waltham,
Mass.

An excellent magazine! Congratulations on your very original idea for the cover. Your humor column is very interesting. The information in the Sports Department is very good. Continue this excellent work!

"*Oracle*," Rensselaer High School, Rensselaer,
N. Y.

You have a very attractive cover. We find your illustrations interesting and the chart of seniors most amusing. Congratulations on your literary abilities! Haven't you any more reports of clubs, sports, teams, etc. to include?

Mr. Benton, holding up a test tube, "Is this the kind you used?"

Pupil: "Oh, no, it was much better looking than that."

* * * *

Pupil: "The Indians hung their dead in a tree so their souls would be sure to go to heaven."

Teacher: "Is that why they *bury* us?"

* * * *

F. F.: "What's this going on, 'Hands across the seas?' Well! Some of you better start getting 'C's' pretty soon."

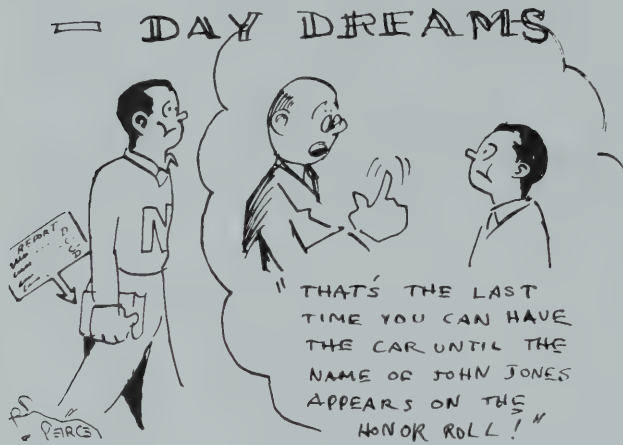
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American History pupils have learned that Mr. Frost practices what he preaches—to be different.

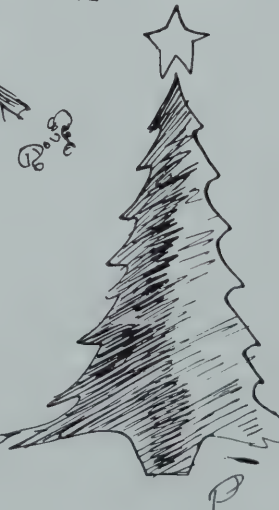
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A college student wrote his father as follows: "Dear Father, I'm broke and have no friends. What shall I do?"

Father's reply: "Make friends at once."

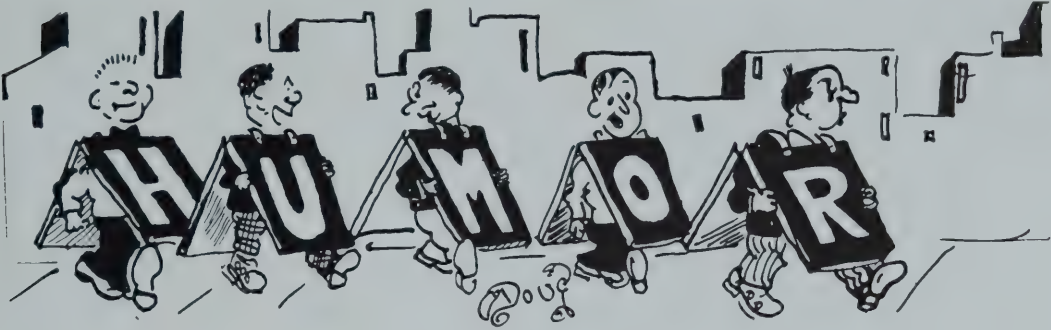


MERRY CHRISTMAS
— TO —
ADVOCATE READERS



"Govoni" opens the holes
for a "Leader" to go
thru.





Another Corrigan

Robert Miller, '40

There was a football player tough
Who played for Needham High.
And though his playing was too rough
Without him coach would die.

For when opposing linemen charged
And ours began to crackle,
Into the fray our hero barged
To always make the tackle.

He played the blocking back with ease,
To block out was his task.
And when he heard admiring "gees",
His face in grins would mask.

The Needham team was being mauled
The goal line was quite near.
Next play to him the ball was called
To cross the goal line dear.

He hit the line with fight and vim
Toward where the goal line lay.
And to the boos, it dawned on him,
He'd run the Corrigan way.

* * * *

Miss Carroll (before the Wellesley game):
"Girls, during this game your pictures are going to be taken."

Bright Halfback: "Oh, dear! Must we wear long stockings?"

"In the Poet's Corner of a Bed"

Adelaide Carter, '40

Oh, why do I have to get up in the morning?
To the bustle and rush of the day?
I know I would be much the happier
If peaceful in bed I might stay.

I have to get up — I can't dodge it,
For I have a poem to write
And so I must do it this morning
For it cannot wait till tonight.

Well, this is the poem I've written
And I know that it is not a prize
But how can I write any poems
When I've scarcely opened my eyes?

* * * *

Mr. Frost: "Never look to the past, people,
always to the present and future."

Pupil: "Then why do we study American History?"

* * * *

Miss Steele (to a pupil): "I had hoped that
some Hallowe'en trickster would get that book
strap, but I see you still have it."

Pupil: "Why! Don't you like it?"

Miss Steele: "Can't you be modern? Those
were out-of-date a century ago. They used
them when I was in school."

* * * *

The wind went whining down the lane
In fact, it was a hurricane
It blew the roofs and trees away
And gave much *work* to the W.P.A.

Characteristic Sayings of Teachers

- Mr. Fisher—"Now, friends."
 Mr. Pollard—"It will pay you dividends."
 Miss Churchill—"Hey, you young scallywags."
 Miss Dodge—"Let's have it, quiet (Murphy)."
 Miss Fessenden—"Now, children."
 Mr. Frost—"Pupils, I want you to remember this in life."
 Miss Cowdrey—"Eight ten, homerooms, eight ten, homerooms, etc."
 Miss Currie—"That isn't a signal to talk."
 Miss Kenney (in study)—"I'll take that message for you."
 Miss Lewis—"Dig in!"
 Miss Harrington—"En français" (silence).
 Mr. Pelletier—"Never do to-day what you can put off 'till tomorrow."
 Mr. Small (his desk piled high)—"We will omit the Scripture this morning. *You* may study."

Trees

(with Apologies to Joyce Kilmer)

Marjorie Gundstrom, '39

- I think that I shall never see
 A sight more wretched than a tree.

 A tree whose hungry mouth is pressed
 With signs of "Homar's Tourist Rest;

 A tree who looks at cars all day
 And shouts, "Good eats one mile away;

 A tree that may in summer wear
 Garage signs, some here, some there;

 Upon whose bosom snow has lain
 Above the carving "Tom loves Jane."

* * * *

Our United States History teacher: "Lawyers certainly can twist things. They really ought to be in the textile business."

Christmas Gifts Among the Students

- Eunice Hebbard—a Packard.
 Ruth Rodgers—a can of oil for her squeek.
 Eleanor Nelson—her man-(n)?
 Barbara St. Clair—a box of fresh rice
 "Izzy" Denfeld—a chip off the old block.
 "Mel" Grant—a key for the *Locke*.
 "Phil" Barker—a sailboat and?
 Helen Fitzgerald—a book of U. S. History answers.
 Florence Miano—a few inches.
 Doris de Varennes—a date book.
 Clark Wertheim—a coffin to start him on his career.
 Blanche Worth—a dictaphone.
 "Bunny" Colburn—a permit to interchange her last two initials.
 "Bob" Buckley—ten lessons on "How to Whisper".

For the Teachers' Christmas Stockings

- Mr. Benton—A complete suit.
 Mr. Frost—A body guard and a crepe suzette.
 Mr. Claxton—A *new* pair of sneakers.
 Mr. Small—Suspenders with elastic in them.
 Miss Currie—A telescope to see what goes on in the back seats.
 Miss Churchill—Directions for "The Big Apple", and a tricycle.
 Mr. Fisher—Some *gold*-braid.
 Miss Fessenden—Her retirement age.
 Miss Sawyer—Another dog.

* * * *

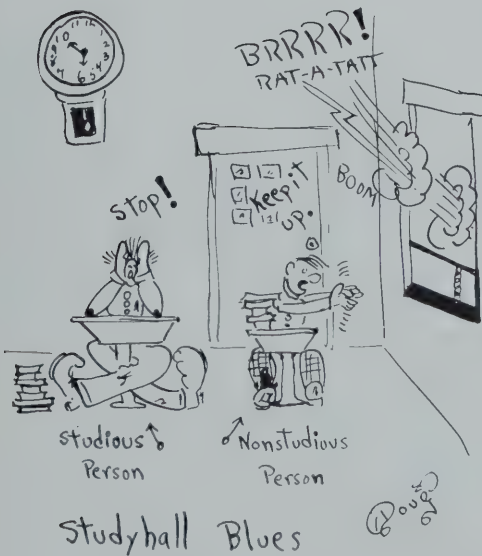
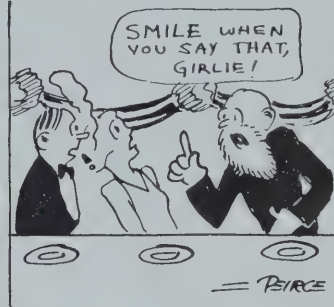
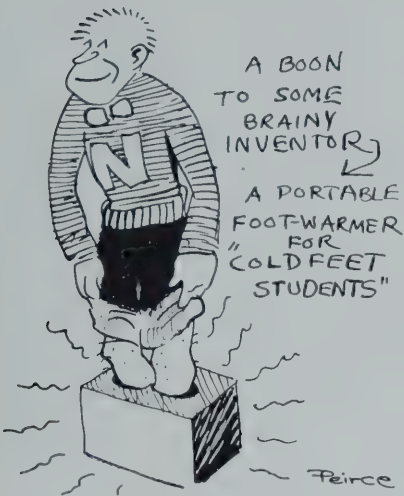
A pupil who had lost his place was called upon to read. "But where are we, Miss Dodge?" he asked.

"On a high chair beside the chimney, in the middle of the page," she stated.

* * * *

In explaining the Boston Massacre, a pupil said, "One man forgot and pulled the trigger and five men were killed."

Lowery: "Gee! What a shot that was!"



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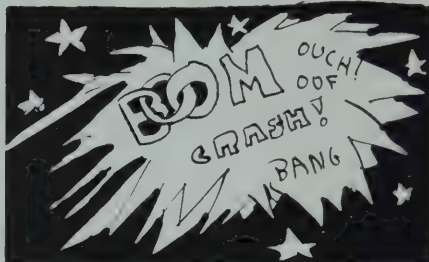
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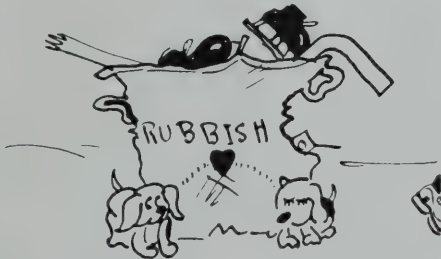
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